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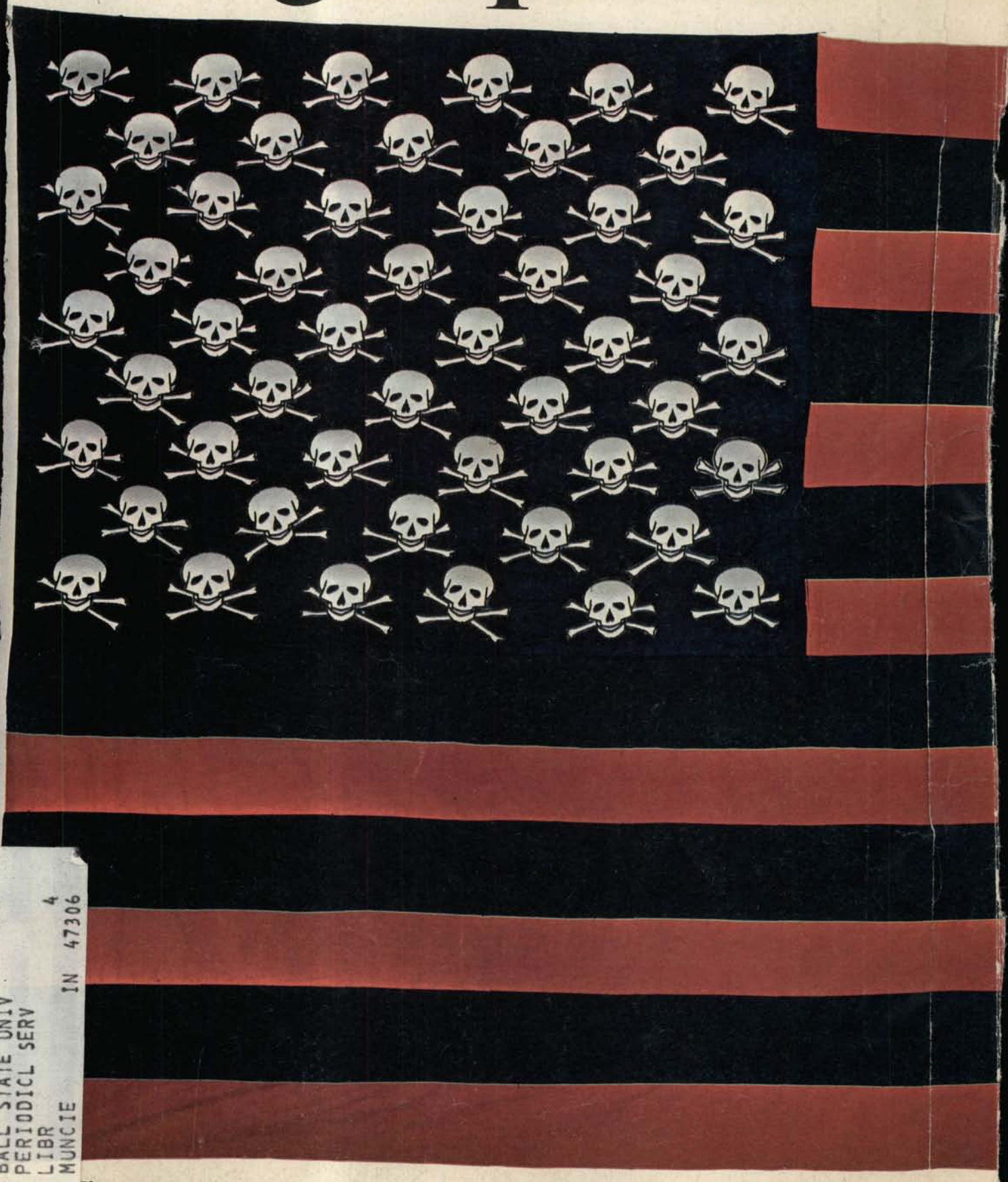

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Flag as Redesigned in 1901 by Mark Twain. See Maxwell Geismar's Essay, "Mark Twain on Racism, Imperialism &

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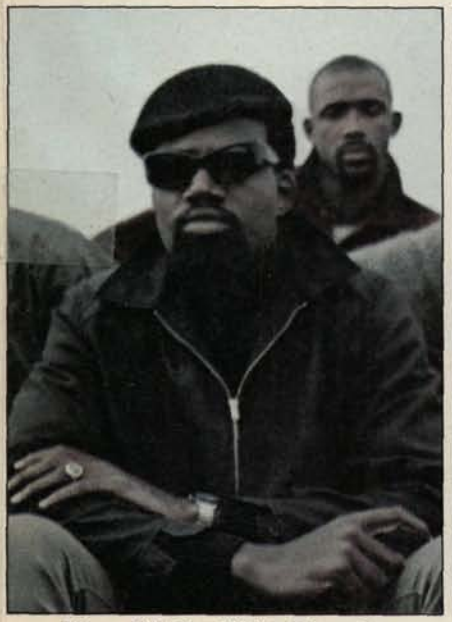
[Page 38] The Sieve of Gold



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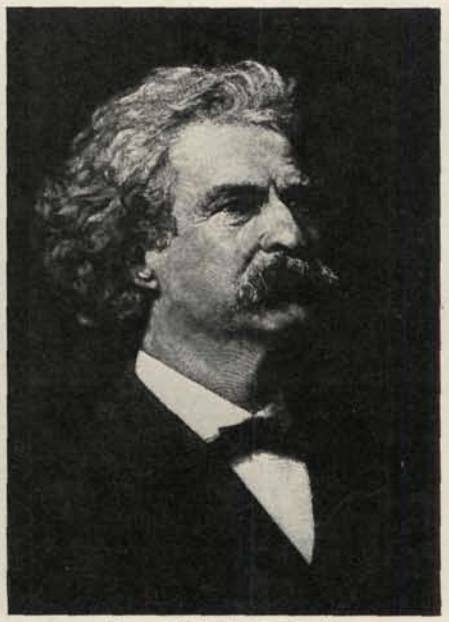

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Apologia:

THE EXTRAORDINARY PACE of the news over the past few weeks has led us to renounce our citizenship as a monthly magazine. As of June 1, RAMPARTS will publish bi-weekly.

In these tumultuous times a monthly provides about as much editorial flexibility as a yearbook. This issue, for instance, began as April but ended up as two complete magazines combined into a Double Issue of April/May as the editors continually rescheduled stories and held presses so you wouldn't be reading about Johnson's chances for reelection or the future of nonviolence.

The cover for this issue was changed four times—the last just days before publication, when we sadly decided that the baleful circumstances of white America necessitated the current treatment.

The switch to fortnightly issues will entail no substantial changes in size or format. It will also, hopefully, enable RAMPARTS to stabilize its often precarious financial situation which in the past has interfered with getting issues to subscribers on time or delayed us editorially while the editors scrambled about the country borrowing cupfuls of money with which to underwrite our enormous circulation growth. Our plan is rather elementary: to charge enough for subscriptions to the biweekly RAMPARTS so that our readers—not advertisers or sugar daddies—pay their full share of the cost of publishing the magazine.

In the meantime, we have not forgotten Lyndon Johnson (see pg. 23). One should not be conned by LBJ's pulling a Nasser. It was a brilliant political maneuver, worthy of Richelieu, in which, as our Howard Gossage has observed, Johnson effectively became his own Eisenhower to his own Truman. But to thus honor this man who has so coolly sanctioned the progressive extermination of the Vietnamese is like praising Jack the Ripper because he renounced rape and began to seek a just piece.—W.H.

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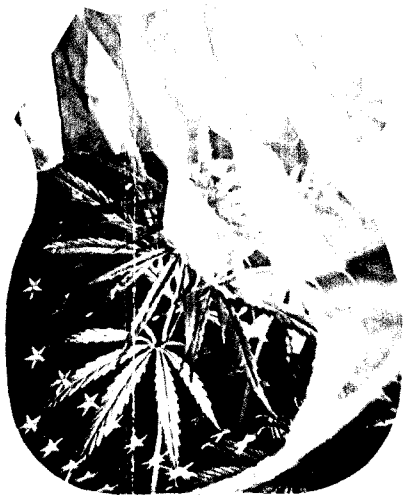

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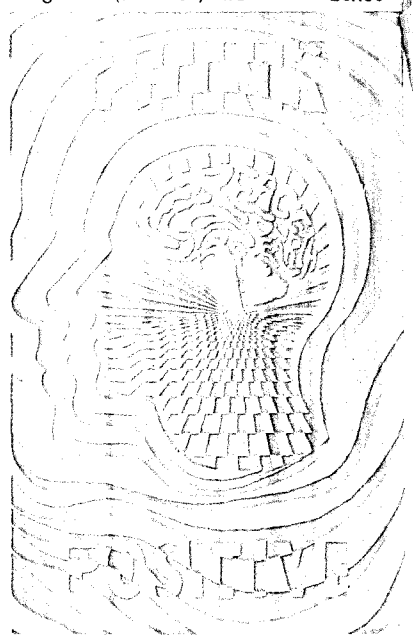

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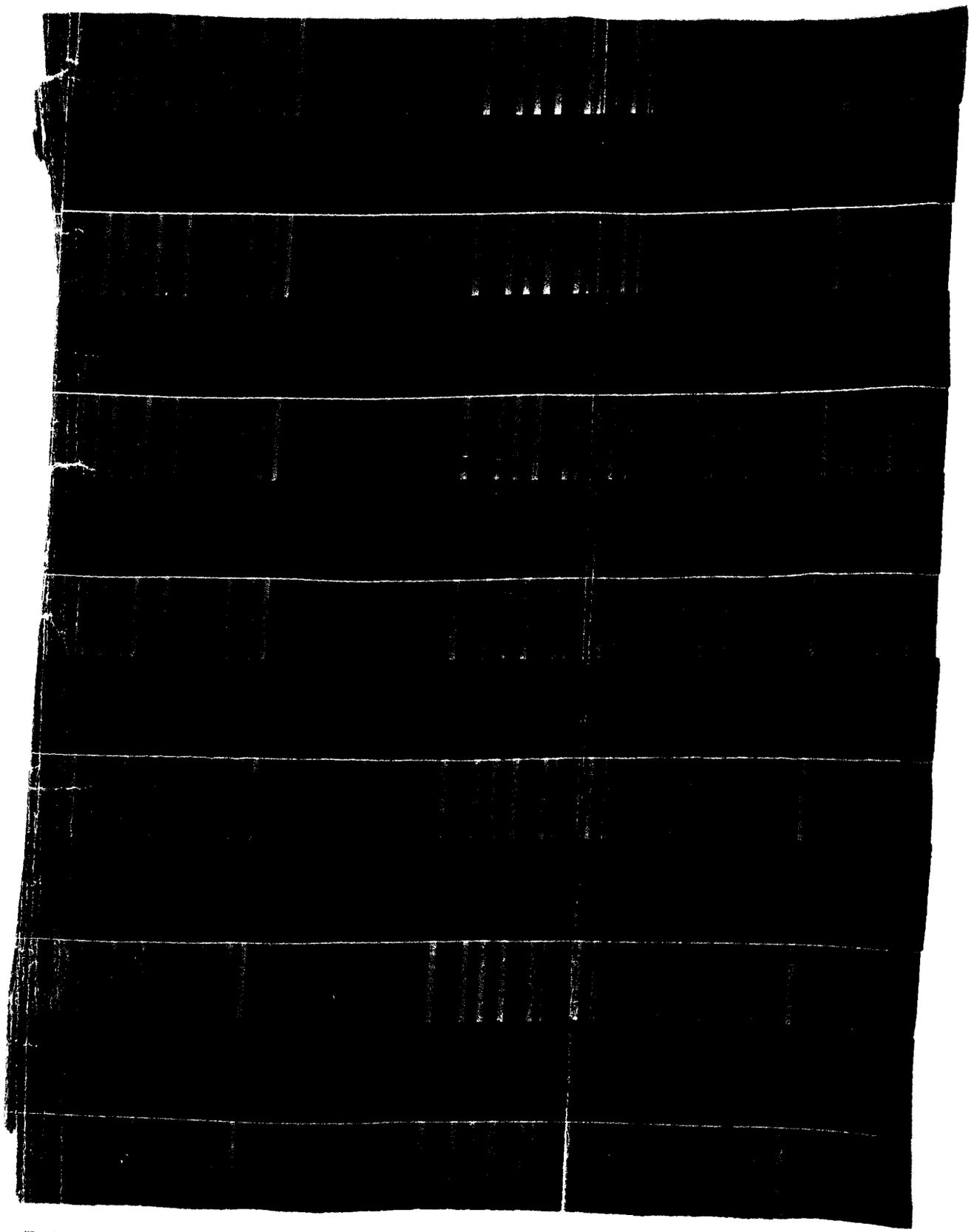

Enduring Characteristics of The Republic." (Pg. 64)

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Marginalia

Letters:

SIRS: Any discussion which purports to deal with a woman as a person with full political dimensions and begins by showing her from the neck down is a fraud.

BARBARA DANE
Brooklyn, New York

SIRS: I wish to congratulate you on the magnificent spoof on Women Power in your February issue. It is indeed a tribute to your enlightened realization of the extent to which women, like other "minorities," are psychologically and materially held in their place by our society. Particularly illustrative of your subtle taste and wit was your cover photo, which so adroitly exemplifies how women, even in their political endeavors, are stereotyped as sexual objects.

Since most radical women are still exceedingly sensitive about their incipient and temerarious assault on the sacred cow of their inferiority, I'm sure that many will, mistakenly, take your article seriously and write torrents of indignant prose. As a national coordinator of the Women's Liberation Movement (or Front if you prefer) and editor of our newsletter, I would appreciate it if you could send me the names and addresses of the radical women, and other interested people, who write to you to protest your article, so I can put them on our mailing list.

JOREEN
Chicago, Illinois

SIRS: I was pleased by the Hinckles' description of today's splendid women, yet is it really necessary to malign the past in order to glorify the present? All that the Hinckles have to say of the suffragists is true, but it is not the whole truth. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, although weak on race, was certainly not a "narrow minded bitch." She defended easy divorce when it was viewed in the same light as polygamy. To her peers who tried to ruin the careers of sexually delinquent public men she said that if chastity was the test of greatness few prominent women from Cleopatra to George Sand would qualify. Suffragists as a whole were no worse, and often better, than their male contemporaries.

Even more disturbing is the Hinckles' assumption that today's most enterprising and concerned women have cast off the burden of their own history. Their article itself suggests otherwise. Those miniskirted, "politically sophisticated" young Berkeley women who patronize the Brigade have behind them a long tradition of sexually liberated, stylish rebels who struck the same poses and dreamed the same dreams to little effect. Women will not overcome their past until they understand it.

WILLIAM L. O'NEILL
Department of History
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

SIRS: Your cover picture and your article on Women Power were a travesty on the attempts of women in this society—radical and otherwise—to change the inhumanities of the present system. Your article used Jeannette Rankin as a symbol for many kinds of radical activity, which is good, but it then degenerated into a list of "Women's Liberation Movements" who seem to do nothing but sit around and talk, like most paper organizations. After all, women have been complaining about their menfolk over coffee for years.

You are letting these women off the hook by allowing them high praise for a demonstration in Washington. This is a particular kind of condescension—a use of the double standard that you do not appear to be even aware of. The Jeannette Rankin Brigade was certainly a good thing. But these women and all of us should be expected to perform radical, anti-war acts to the same degree as men—we shouldn't be awarded a friendly, patronizing pat on the back for work that all should be doing.

Women are creating a wider and wider role for themselves as participants in and leaders of the radical movement in this country. Your pictures should have shown women involved in these activities, not artfully posing like movie stars. Miniskirts are not a prerequisite for being radical; social consciousness, which includes women consciousness as part of a common human struggle, is. What we American women should be working for is something like the "Women Power" that North Vietnamese women have—see Felix Greene's movie for an example.

Your article thrust us back into the publicity-seeking, prostituting, beauty magazine scene that all radical women are seeking very hard to get out of.

FRINDE MAHER & ABBY ROCKEFELLER
Somerville, Massachusetts

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Satisfied

Pictured above is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

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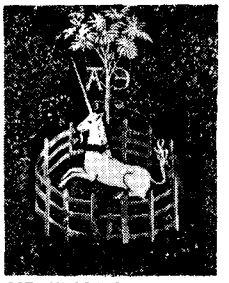

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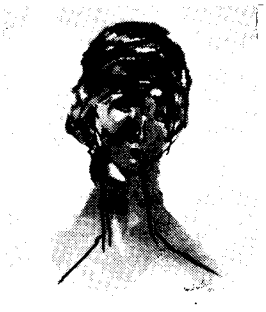

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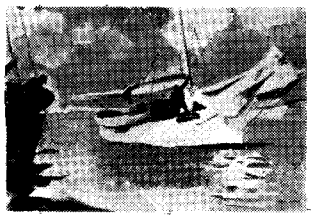

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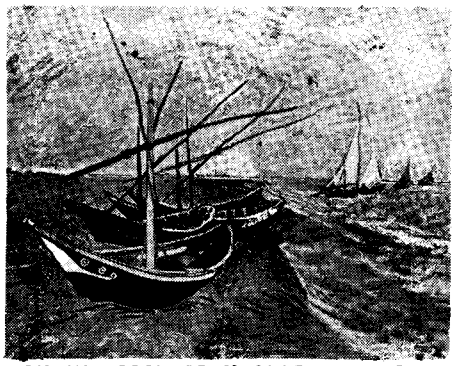

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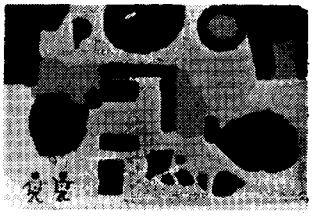

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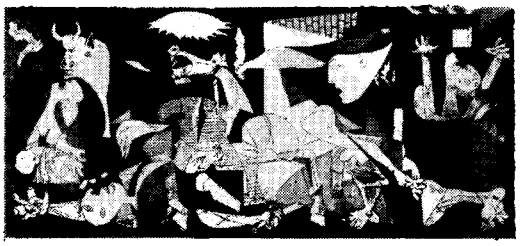

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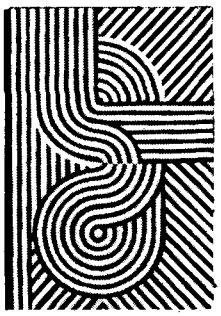

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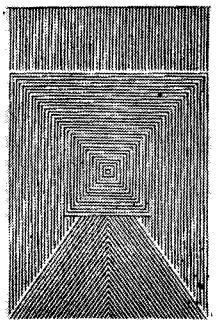

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SIRS: If you had a cover on Black Power like your cover on Woman Power, it would be a picture of a sharecropper with a harmonica in one hand and a piece of watermelon in the other.

MAURINE NESS
San Francisco, California.

SIRS: Your article on the Jeannette Rankin Brigade, the feminist movement and Woman Power is as unreal as anything that could have been written in Cosmopolitan or Playboy. How deep is the need to dehumanize the female in U.S. society among all segments of the male population? The photos of the women were as unreal as the ads that are shown on television between shots of the Vietnamese horrors.

These are not really radical women, not in the gut sense. They are not in the crisis of the masses of working women in our society and they cannot speak to or for or mobilize these women. United States women are caught in the trap of clerical work, millions the victims of the breakdown of the institution of marriage. They are economically impoverished and trapped in a work role leading nowhere. The masses of black women are caught up in a unique struggle for survival for themselves and the men who are being destroyed by our society.

If the Women's Liberation Front is not opting for equal status jobs, but merely for the life style of radical men, these are only middle-class young women caught up in a surface radicalism, unaware of the crisis of despair of the masses of women.

DOROTHY GILDEN
Los Angeles, California

SIRS: Reading the article on Women Power set in my mind a clearer picture of what the movement is about. As for the women mentioned in the article, they clarified the difference between the feminist movement and Women Power; I found myself agreeing wholeheartedly with their views.

We, as women, do not necessarily need "equality" with men for we have many things over them, but the nation's problems and how they are being coped with show a definite need for solutions which is not being met by the men running our nation. And this means someone must do something about it; this means Women Power.

When the feminist movement was brought to my attention I was almost immediately diametrically opposed to it because it seemed to make all of the women involved with it cold and calculating, thereby losing their feminine identity through their actions. Woman needs to remain a woman in her manner and thought as the authors state, but she must also hear the crying need for action by the problems of our nation. Hurray for Women Power!

JAN MARIE HOMOLKA
Long Beach, California

SIRS: I enjoyed your story so much about the Jeannette Rankin Brigade—I especially loved the cover! Though one really needed a magnifying glass to see whose picture that was on the button.

JEANNETTE RANKIN
Watkinsville, Georgia

SIRS: I take offense and serious objection to the tone of your article on Women Power. Your attitude was condescending throughout, and your analysis of radical women's groups, including the Women's Liberation Front (a misnomer —radical women have not, to my knowl-

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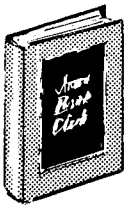

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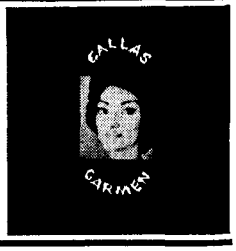

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edge, agreed to call themselves a "Front") amounted to a movement fashion report.

"The Miniskirt Caucus," the section describing the younger women radicals, treated them with the same approach that a society columnist might. Emphasizing clothes, personalities throughout, the authors never dealt with thought, action or political content. The article was even replete with stylish photos: I had to take a second look at the cover to make sure I wasn't buying Glamour.

The most revolting reportage and analysis came under the title "The Radicalizing of the Religious Women." Here the rationale of women being psychophysiologically different from, and inferior to, men is reiterated: "This sense of the *simplistic* ability of women to clean up the mess of the world . . . pervades the thoughts of the Brigade women. It is such an *instinctive, irrational* feeling that it makes real sense . . ." (italics my own). In short, radical change in America can be affected by pitching irrational, instinctive women against "the chaotic, *male-dominated society.*"

Besides the reactionary political approach, the authors make an historical blunder. HUAC, they say, was dealt its death blow in 1964 when Dagmar Wilson presented flowers to its committee members. In fact, the Berkeley eruptions were far more significant in exposing the fascist nature of HUAC. The only reason the story was brought up was to demonstrate how "cute" women can be when dealing with the government. The authors applaud Wilson's use of the traditional concept of womanhood as being passive and gentle. By presenting flowers to the men, she made them realize that women in this country were incapable of posing any serious threat to the system; the case against Women Strike For Peace was dismissed immediately thereafter.

Certainly as long as American women keep floundering in their "fragile" approach to themselves, life and the U.S. government, they will never develop the human hardiness which is necessary for the long struggle ahead.

LYNN PIARTNEY
New York Radical Woman
New York City

SIRS: In reference to the Hinckles' otherwise excellent article, I was disappointed to find that the name of one of the truly great women of our times was not included. I am speaking of Mrs. Fannie Lee Hamer, a founder and driving force behind the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. She is certainly a truly beautiful and dedicated woman.

JOEL LEIBOWITZ
Bronx, New York

SIRS: Your description of some of the women in the suffragette movement is correct. Some of them were "narrow-minded bitches with the morality of Lucretia Borgia and the class of Tugboat Annie." However, a predominantly male movement of the same period, the I.W.W., also contained opportunists and failed almost completely in its original, idealistic objectives. I doubt if you would call its members "crude-thinking bastards" or any similar sexually downgrading term.

What disturbs me most is not criticisms of the often reactionary moves of women, but the male chauvinistic attitude toward all women's activity. Paternalism, male ego and all the rest of the chauvinist bag are out of place today. Do we have to go through the same battle as the black people just to establish our right to take part in the overthrow of the society which has produced this ridiculous division among its people? Maybe we do. But it is discouraging when again and again we have to fight against men who are supposed to be progressive, but would prefer to think of 51 per cent of the human race solely as sexual objects.

Our sisters in Vietnam have taught us many lessons. Women in North America have great problems in establishing themselves as free individuals, and the "radical" men are no more willing to drop their prejudices than are the most reactionary.

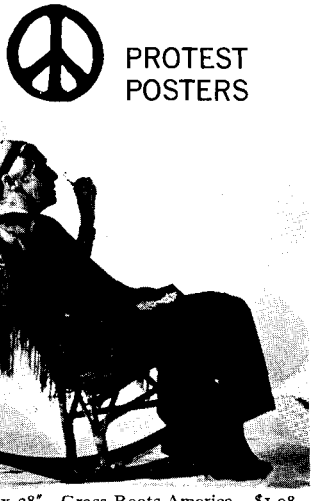
As for the cover picture: the only equally offensive treatment I can think of would be a cover illustrating a feature article on the black struggle, with a photograph of the crotch of a young black male, adorned by a Black Power button.

N. J. CORBETT
Vancouver, B.C.

SIRS: As one who was deeply involved in the woman suffrage struggle in the early 1900's, I must make the strongest protest against the distorted picture of the movement of that period presented in the February RAMPARTS.

The article says, "The role played by women in the great struggles for social reform decreased almost proportionately as their chances of the vote increased." On the contrary, around the turn of the century movements of social advance were being led by some of the greatest women America has ever produced, and almost without exception they allied themselves with the suffrage cause. I attended various of the annual national suffrage conventions from the early 1900's to 1920, and it was inspiring to hear these women speak and to meet them.

The article attacks the suffrage organization because "by the last decade of the 19th century the suffrage movement had become a single issue cause." So what? The abolitionist movement was a single issue cause. Does that damn it? Great



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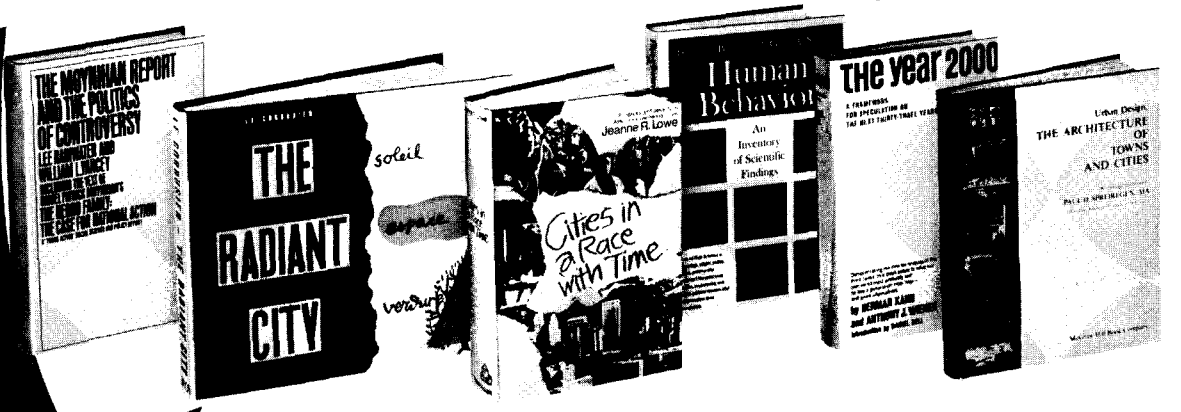
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struggles demand total concentration. Ought we to condemn the scores of organizations which now exist for a single purpose—to end the war in Vietnam; to win justice and equality for Negro Americans; to defend America's civil liberties; to abolish HUAC; to improve education; to protect labor's interests.

The article says "the struggle for the vote became the province of middle-class women" and "suffragette leaders . . . became political hacks . . . playing in the most tawdry fashion to the middle-class fears of the workers." This is false. The suffrage associations in which I worked carried on many and varied special activities to draw working women into their ranks. Working women spoke every year at our legislative hearings on the bill for a suffrage amendment to our State constitution. About the year 1914 Boston held its first woman suffrage parade, which specially featured sections of working women marching by occupational groups.

My particular job in connection with the parade was to muster women laundry workers. I visited every laundry of any size in Boston, spoke to the women at their lunch hour, distributed literature and took pledges to march. Similar work was done in every working category. We rejoiced in an impressive working women's contingent in our parade, to demonstrate to the public the all-inclusive character of the woman suffrage movement.

FLORENCE H. LUSCOMB
Cambridge, Massachusetts

SIRS: You people all deserve cigars for the article "Women Power" in your February issue, but the golden cigar should go to Jeannette Rankin—she is a fantastic woman. Her position that "the United States must help but not harness the social and economic revolutions in underdeveloped nations" is by far the most practical and sensible position to be held by women—or men.

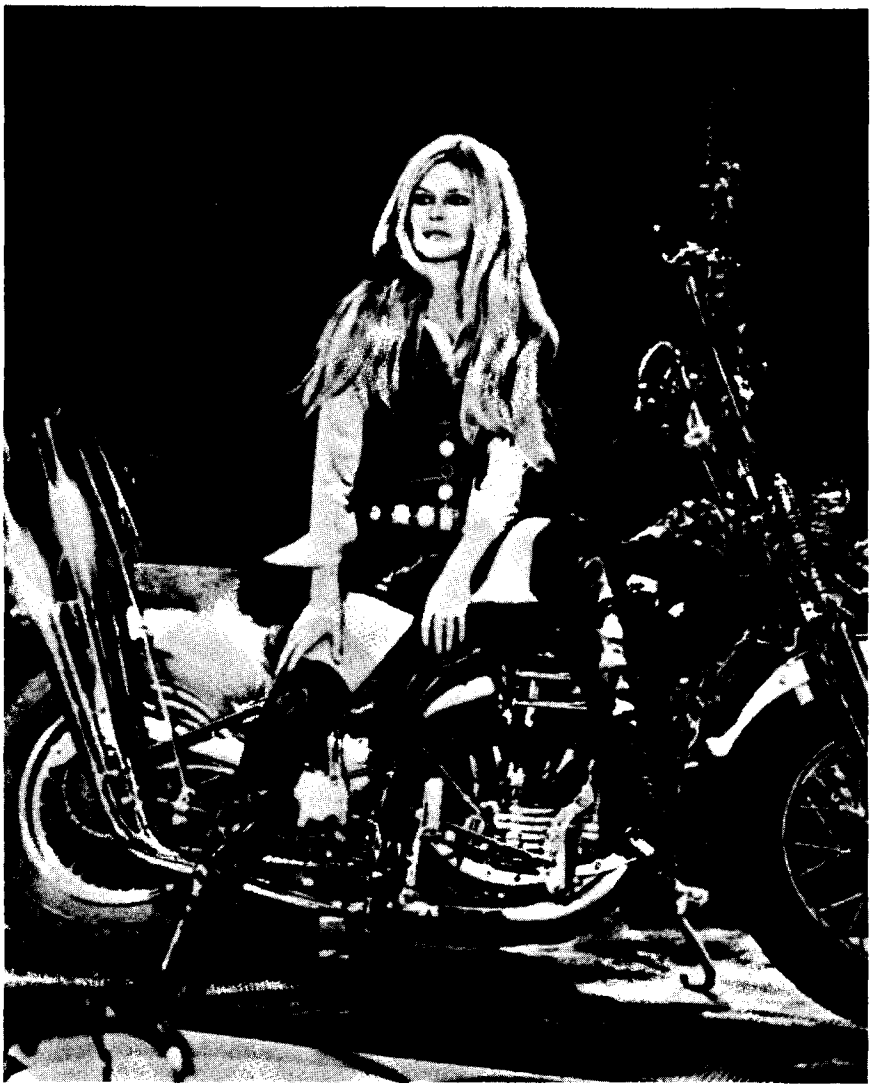
MEG ROBBINS
The Meeting School
Rindge, New Hampshire

SIRS: No doubt many of your readers are familiar with the following, from analyst Erik H. Erikson's *Childhood and Society:*

"Here I must take special note of one of the most paradoxical and far-reaching consequences of the feminine fear of being left. Lest their men discard and abandon them in the periodical pursuits of competition, conquest, and war, women are apt to refrain from questioning these pursuits, which, again and again, lead to the disruption of the home and to the slaughter of sons. They pretend that they really believe in war and in man's magnificent equipment, where actually they have merely learned to accept as inevitable a martial excitement which is essentially outside their comprehension. It may well be that war cannot be banned until women, for the sake of a worthwhile survival, dare to recognize and to support the as yet undeveloped power of unarmed resistance. But here women must first learn to understand their fear of being abandoned, and their unwillingness to question judiciously man's cultivation of war for war's sake."

For others it may serve as further inspiration in this overdue action.

PATRICIA R. HOFFMAN
Rockford, Illinois



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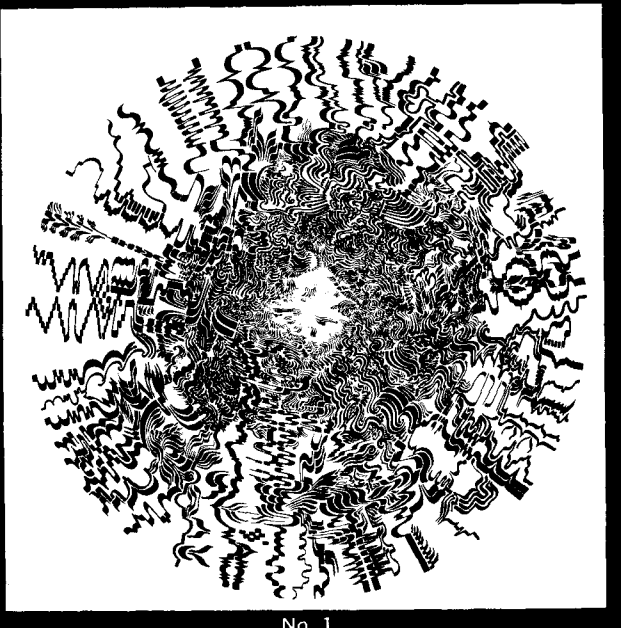

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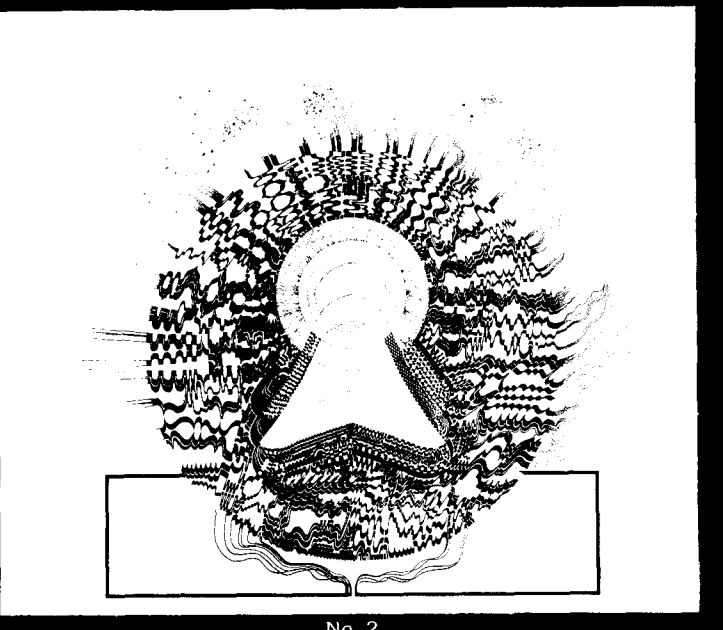

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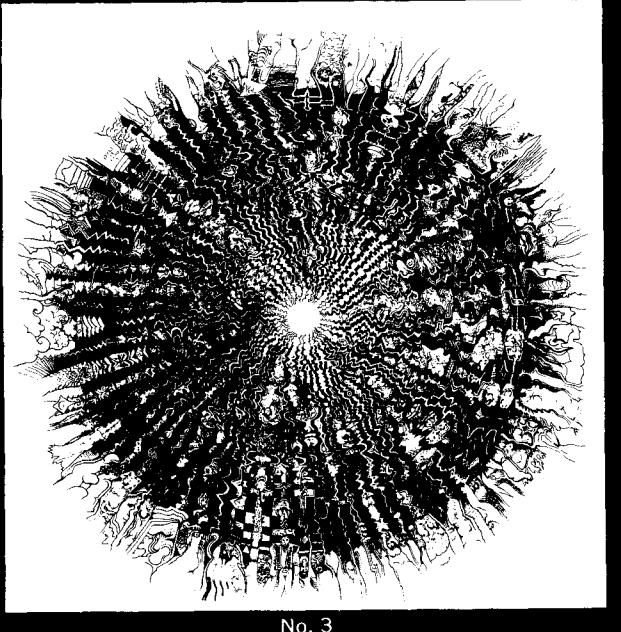

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THE BARROW GANG: AN AFTERTASTE

by Peter Collier

BONNIE PARKER AND Clyde Barrow, those shabby neurotics dangling ghostly in the limbo of America's undigested and possibly indigestible past, have had their second coming this past movie season. As it turned out, their return was more miraculous than anyone could have foreseen, far more than even their original death, which was front page news in the New York Times. It has been nothing short of apocalyptic, and the two of them have been rewarded with the highest honor America's pop culture is capable of bestowing: enshrinement as a cult with a genuine cultic following.

As such things usually are, their rebirth was perfectly timely, involving the intersection of their potential with our needs. Perhaps the message is that at this point in time, we deserve each other. Those who were delighted by David Levine's cartoon in the New York Review of Books depicting LBJ, his face cagey with corruption, as Clyde and Dean Rusk as his simpering, liver-spotted Bonnie, probably saw it as the perfect comment on these two international criminals. It is—but they also comment on Bonnie and Clyde. Symbols and symbolized: they are all of a kind.

But this is just a fairly delicate nuance, especially in the face of a phenomenon which is picking up speed as quickly as the Barrow Gang. Clearly, they have taken the country by storm once again, picking up mass-cult converts and fellow-travelers as they go, and driving the arbiters of Official Culture like Time magazine into repeated frenzies of exegesis and explanation, each less literate than the last. Bonnie and Clyde are a happening, both for us and of us, and perfect in their dimensions. They are, in fact, reminiscent of another happening from a far-off time—the resurrection of the morally stale Davy Crockett in the '50s.

Walt Disney, whose tolerance for ambiguity was never high, took Crockett, a buffoonish coonskin demagogue with what seems to have been dangerously spastic politics, and transformed him

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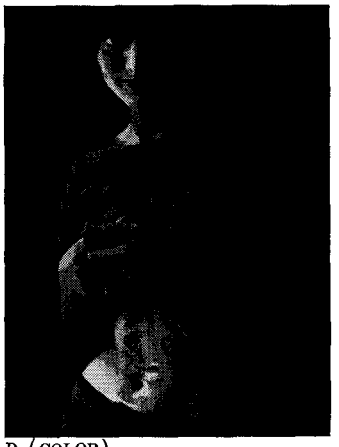

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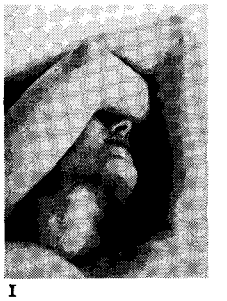

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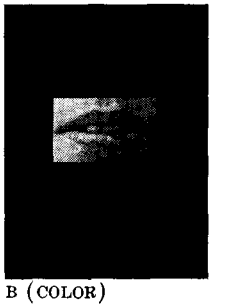

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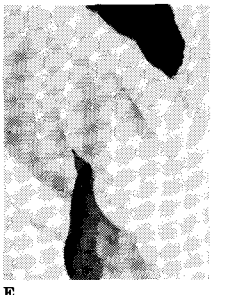

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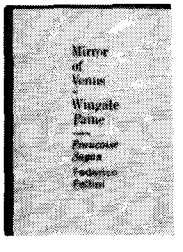

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The Rebellion Beyond Rebellion

By Delbert L. Earisman

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into a populist hero who was quite certain of his own inner light and able to reduce the thorniest problem to a simple folk formula. Crockett became the rugged individualist, that most abused of all American ideals, the one most often invoked when the lid is on.

Disney's Cold War mini-epic bowdlerized Crockett's character and rewrote a small amount of history. Moreover, the Crockett myth contained those dangerous oversimplifications by which America has always avoided facing up to complex and demanding experiences.

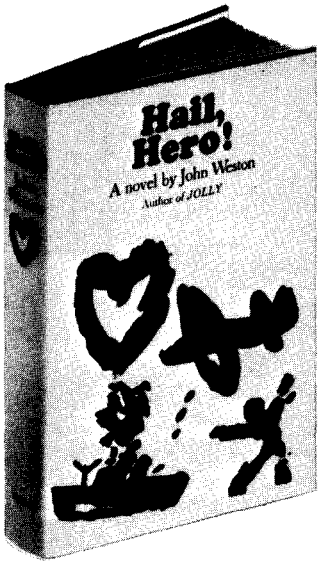
But Davy Crockett wasn't the first of his kind and Bonnie and Clyde won't be the last, although they may wind up as the most successful. The second coming of heroes is a conventional gambit in America's fantasies about itself—a gambit which, in our time, has idealized and romanticized an earlier historical time when things are seen as having been easier and better. We have not used the past for the potential instruction it contains, but as a defense mechanism to help us avoid responding realistically to the present. The past becomes either a whipping post—the function of Munich, say, for those who want to obliterate the "yellow peril"—or a storehouse from which we dredge up those characters who provide a fantasy framework for our own times.

WHATEVER ELSE IT IS, *Bonnie and Clyde* is not a gangster movie. That film genre has seen its day; the attempts to revive it always seem either like Time-Life "documentaries" on the Mafia or a recast of "The Untouchables." Unlike John Dillinger, say, the Barrow Gang didn't have an urban base of operations. They ranged far and wide over the middle of this country, from Iowa to Texas. They belong with Davy Crockett and the other more or less frontier characters who reappear periodically to prop up the moral superstructure of the myth of the West.

Billy the Kid, seen up close in his own time as a reflex killer with mongoloid features and mentality; Wyatt Earp, pimp and feudist; Bill Hickok, a small-time lawman for whom the back was such a natural target that he usually took great pains not to expose his own—they and many others like them are the

HAIL, HERO! is "A warning, possibly the last, to the dull-minded mass of professional patriots,

unctuous politicians, aged non-combatants and the whole dismal spectrum of hard-headed and hard-bellied peddlers and purveyors who find it so easy to assume that only they are fashioned in God's image."



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stuff on which America's wet dreams about its own moral fiber are based. And all of them return periodically in the mass media as guardians of the notion—probably more American than Maoist—that morality begins down the barrel of a gun, even though the finger on the trigger may be idealistically reluctant.

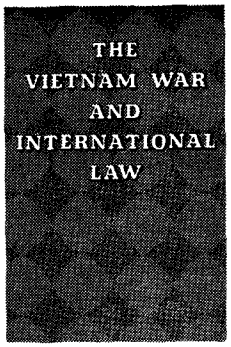
Bonnie and Clyde, at least in Arthur Penn's nicely made movie, are different, of course, mainly because nobody bothered to force them into the mold of inarticulate protectors of some kind of necessary order—the usual role for the resurrected Western hero. But still, in their brief, flashy cinematic life, they do have a kind of romantic quality—as a machine-gunning, hot-rodding Robin Hood and Maid Marian exuding a spicy aroma of appealing contemporary sexual confusion. They have their wicked Sheriff of Nottingham in Frank Hamer Sr., the Texas Ranger who took a leave of absence from his regular duties to track them down and oversee their execution—and who, in the logic of the film, is the representative of a corrupt law and order: the beautiful people are doubtless his victims (and it is a short step for a viewer of the right age and politics to add, "just like the rest of us").

Bonnie and Clyde have been dealt a greasy deck of cards and are playing the best game they can. But they deny the law without affirming a higher one. Their celluloid lives make no real criticism of the status quo that supposedly oppresses them. It is a myth of pop nihilism; it is Andy Warhol's serial put-ons packaged in a dramatic context with all of Hollywood's savvy behind it.

Bonnie and Clyde constantly *seems* to be saying something cogent about American society, although the message has to filter through the gauze of what is presumably history, and the film's cultic following has taken it at its word. Election posters with Franklin Roosevelt's picture in red, white and blue whiz by in the background, providing the flat comparison for the vivid, intense heroes. Periodically, the gang meets up with people who have the slack-jawed bewilderment and gutted stares of the faces in a Dorothea Lange photo album; there is even a fleeting attempt to suggest Clyde's sympathy for those dispossessed and vicariously broken by Wall Street, heading West to stagnate in despairing Hoovervilles.

It is all there—but as window-dressing

Is our involvement legal?



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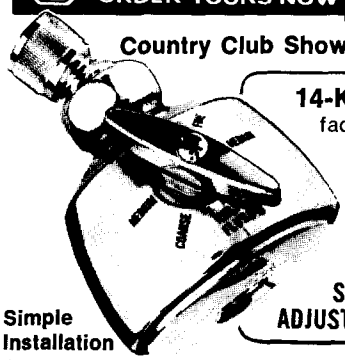

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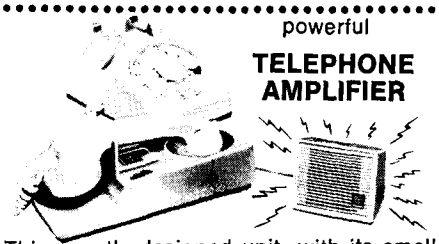

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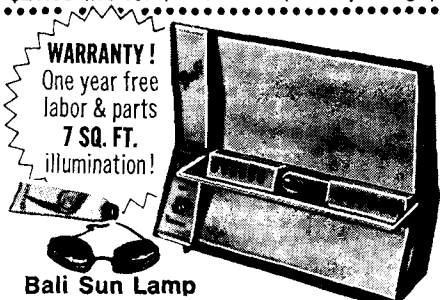

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for fantasia. It is *not* Dorothea Lange, not even close, and it does no justice at all to the suffering she chronicled. History enters *Bonnie and Clyde* as a flippant background to make the already gorgeous characters also sympathetic, to provide a seemingly real milieu as a frame for their attempts to escape the mediocrity of a shattered world. The setting is used in much the same way that the world of advertising uses backgrounds: to create more or less subliminal presumptions in favor of what they're trying to sell. Neither the makers of this film nor the makers of cigarette ads are much interested in establishing a causal connection between backdrop and product. Such logic, in fact, is the intellectual threat that their skill is hired to overcome.

¶ The movie doesn't have much to do with the dumpy, putty-faced dame who was Bonnie Parker, or with the homosexual punk who was Clyde Barrow. It doesn't have much to do with the world these two pillaged.

And if the film hadn't been killing the weekly rotation at local theaters for so long now, one wouldn't have to go any further. But almost everybody assumes as a matter of course that it *does* have something crucial to do with our own tilting world, with today. Recently, a friend of mine in tune with such things told me: "*Bonnie and Clyde* belongs to young people today in a way no other film has since the Beatles' movies. It speaks to them. It is about their life, about the cops beating on their heads and the inertia they have to wade through."

This is a big chunk of talk, easier swallowed than chewed, like the film itself. But if it is true that *Bonnie and Clyde* belongs to "us," perhaps we should be all the more careful about what it says. One thinks of the high points, like the early sequence in which Bonnie gives Clyde's gun a coy massage before plunging with him into the film's version of an intense life. Aside from the fact that the facial mugging accompanying this gesture has overtones of burlesque and—along with the innuendos of sexual neurosis—shows how Freudian cliches make their way into pop culture, it also says something about what is "in" this season. For the flirtation with violence, with plastic intensity and nihilism—some of the products the film is selling—is about as masturbatory as Bonnie's attraction to Clyde's gun.

One can't help but think that some white middle-class kids—who have, by and large, grown up assuming that a cop is somebody who tells you how to find a street, but still mouth the syllables of the black revolution's authentic anger—haven't yet paid the dues that could make the vocabulary legitimate and the experience anything more than voyeurism. In the same way, the Bonnie and Clyde of the movie didn't pay enough in terms of suffering to become tragic.

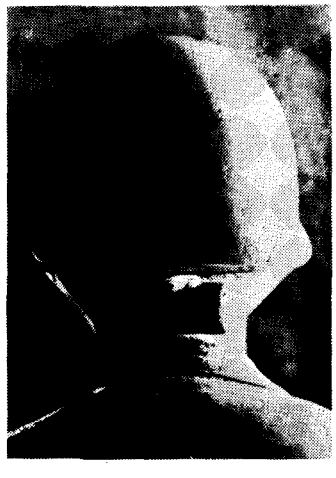
This is not to say that violence is not committed in untold petty ways against the generation that presumably feels great sympathy for the movie, that a portion of them don't actually know what it feels like to be clubbed and kicked. But so far it hasn't been the sort of oppressive and overt violence that would make their threats of guerrilla warfare more than cloying rhetoric; that would make talk of running guns into the ghettos and wanting the war in Vietnam to continue because it is "radicalizing" America something more than solemn romantic nonsense. And until their experience with violence shifts from subtle to blatant, from implied to achieved, the use of fetish objects—be it of blacks, who have at least earned the right to talk of guns and cop-killing and for whom Bonnie and Clyde can't be that charging an experience, or of movie violence—will continue to seem like unfortunate narcissism.

¶ But it is obviously more than one age group or ideological persuasion that has been fixated on *Bonnie and Clyde*. Everywhere people are looking for some hint of Armageddon, like farmers hopefully studying the sky for signs of rain. And this movie seems to offer an alternative to the massive doses of cultural novocain they've been getting.

Still, that which begins by promising relief ends up as a life-deadener. However much some aspects of American life are beginning to crack and crumble, the commercialism which saw in *Bonnie and Clyde* something to immediately profit from is still perfectly toned. Nor is the movie one of those experiences that refuse to be coopted. The two glamorous desperados—a whole Capote party in themselves—have found that their new life, which began so intensely, will be frittered away; that they will wind up as the household gods who market crummy cars and unneeded fashions, sell ladies' magazines and airplane trips and finally become little more than a hair style.

From some parts of the cult come angry voices saying that this inevitably occurs to that which is potentially pure in our corrupt world. So it does. But it isn't that much of a perversion of the role Bonnie and Clyde played in the film. They were an advertiser's dream the minute they were reborn. Every new life style has a built-in con, from which it is only a short step to a racket.

Consider the alternative...



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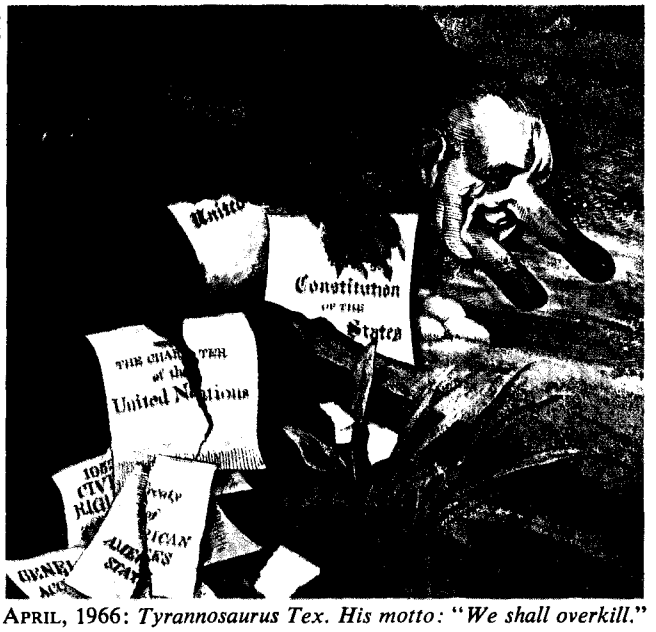
Edward Sorel



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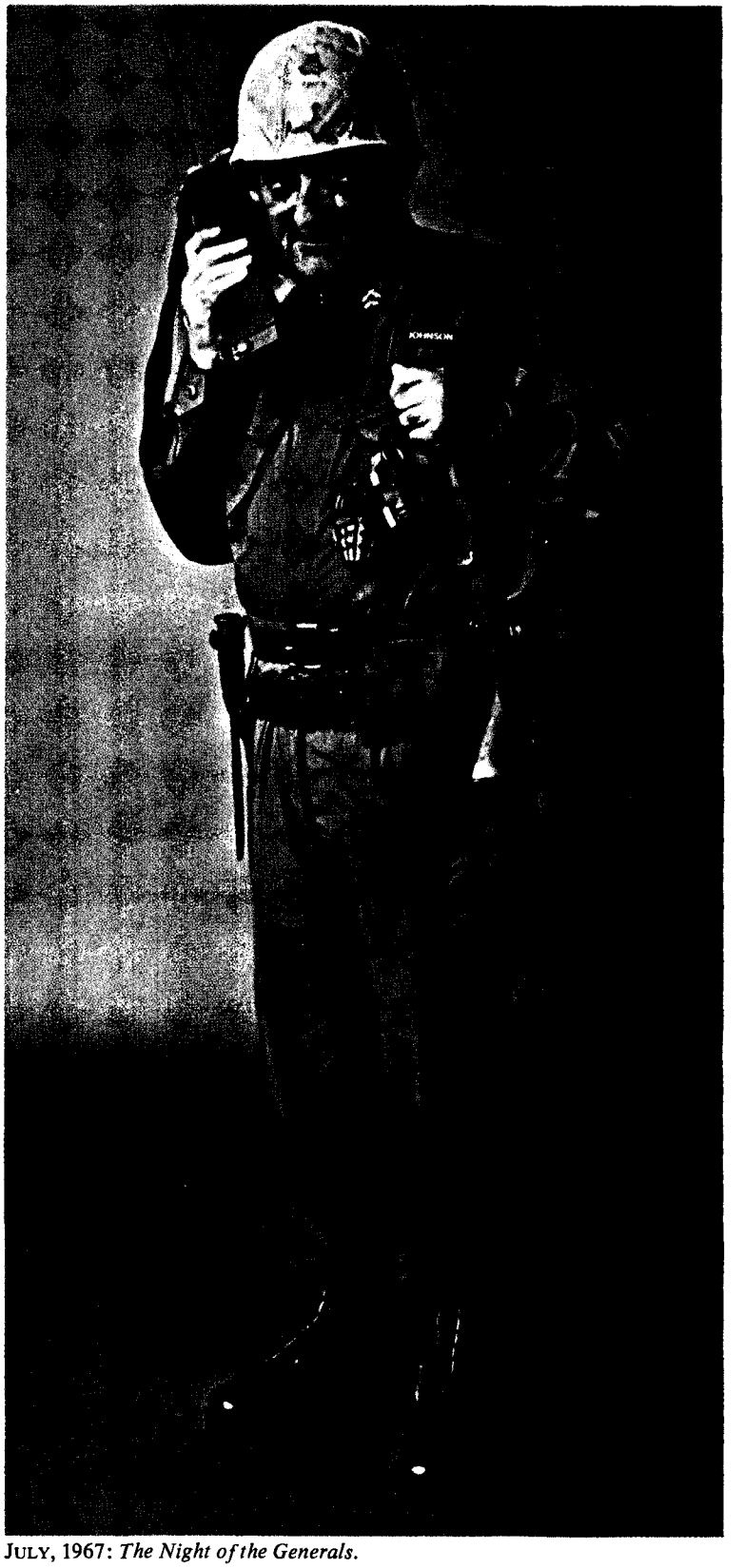
JANUARY, 1967: *A study in the Black Power of L.B.J.*

Carl Fischer



JULY, 1967: *The Night of the Generals.*

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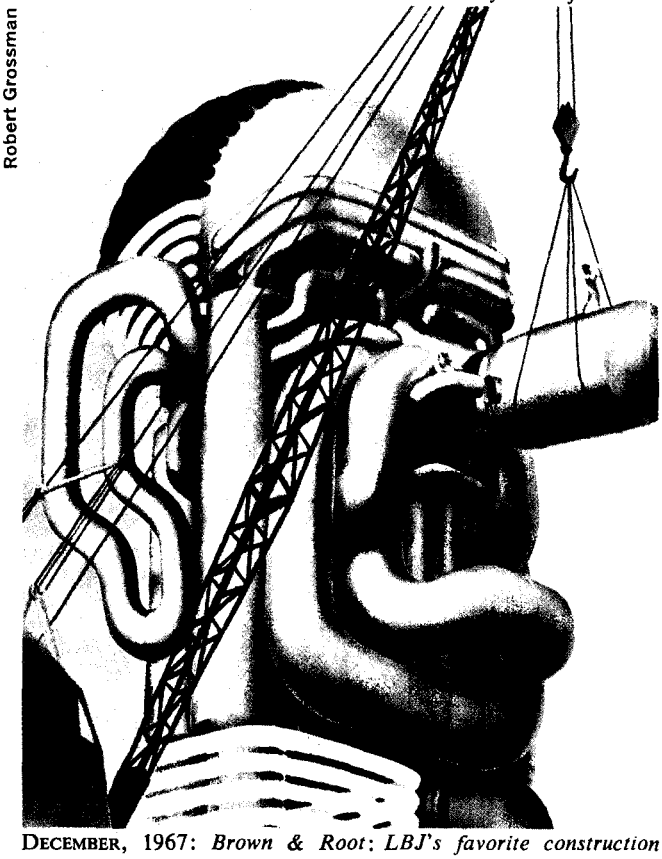
David Levine

DECEMBER, 1967:
Smetana's Fairy Grandfather.

Photograph by U.P.I.

NOVEMBER, 1966: *Ramparts begins its investigation into the Warren Commission. It continues still.*

Robert Grossman



DECEMBER, 1967: *Brown & Root: LBJ's favorite construction company.*

Robert Grossman

Tomi Ungerer

MAY, 1967: *The Credibility Gap.*

D. Bragdon

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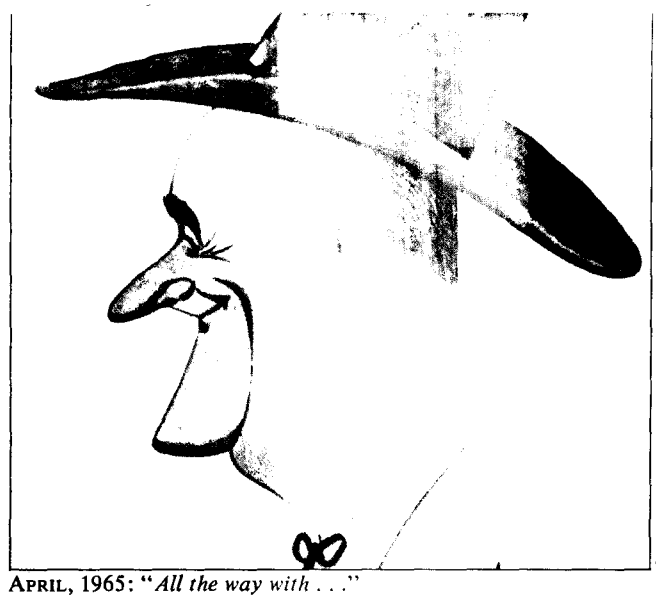
Gene Holtan

MARCH, 1966: "*Even the President of the United States must sometimes stand naked . . .*"—*Bob Dylan.*



Justin Murray

APRIL, 1965: "*All the way with . . .*"

Robert La Morticella

DECEMBER, 1966: "*MacBird!*"

JULY, 1966: "*Hawkus Caucus Americanus.*"

Edward Sorel

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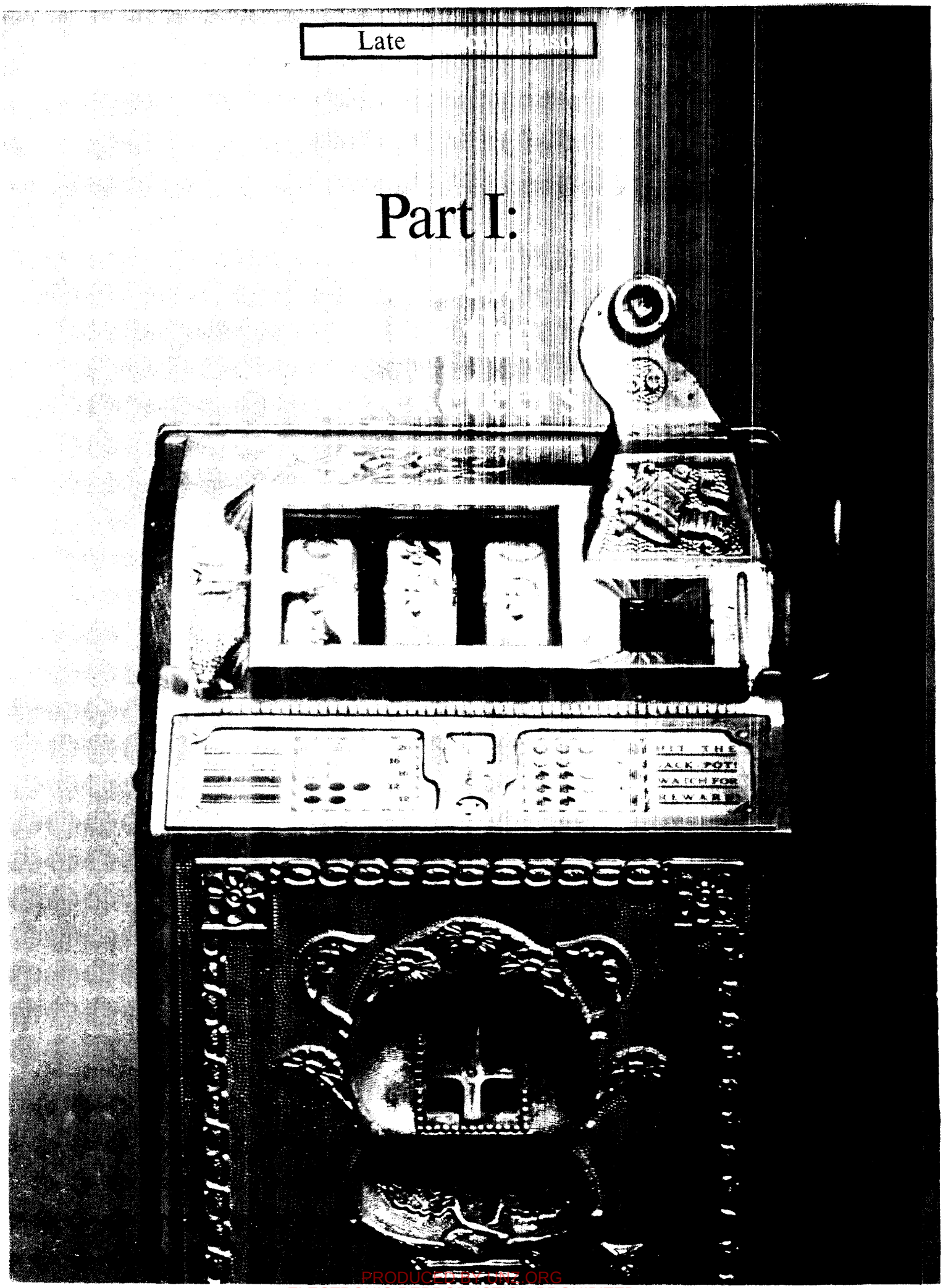
Late

Part I:



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[EDITOR'S NOTE]

If it is true that Lyndon Johnson is retiring from politics, then it is certainly true that he deserves an extended political obituary. His impact on America has been too great to allow an examination of who he is to be abandoned.

We are convinced that to understand the President, it is necessary to understand the milieu in which he grew up and came to power: not the Pedernales hill country of which he so often and so fondly speaks, but the dirty streets of Houston and Beaumont, Waco and Austin, San Antonio and Dallas, in which his political strength has always been rooted.

The oilmen, the politicians, the construction firms and organized crime—call it the Mafia, the Cosa Nostra, the Syndicate, the Mob, whatever you will—have all grown up in Texas together, in an orgy of mutual back-scratching. What follows is no simple catalog of the sort of offhand corruption which is endemic in state capitals across America. It is, rather, shocking evidence of the greatest governmental corruption since the exposure of Tammany, its web reaching not only across the cities of Texas but into the highest marble offices of Washington, D.C., its details covering not only a year or two of the dim past but three national Administrations.

The editors of RAMPARTS *believe that the disclosures in the following article warrant a federal criminal investigation of Lyndon Johnson's activities as a congressman and senator from Texas.*

[1.]

IT'S CALLED LA FONDA DEL SOL NOW, but in racketeer Jack Halfen's heyday in the 1940's and '50s, the 20-room "club" in Reynosa, Mexico, was called, more prosaically, Joe's Place. In its rooms could be found, often simultaneously, Texas mobsters and politicians. It was *the* place for covertly passing sums in cash and for conducting whoop-it-up bashes.

It was in Joe's Place that Jack Halfen—who had become known in Texas as "The Big Fix"—made many of his payoffs to the high-riding Texas politicians who blatantly and fearlessly protected Mob interests.

They were extensive interests. During the '40s and '50s, for instance, the Mob ran a racing wire that serviced more than 200 illegal bookmakers in Houston alone. Every one of those bookies paid at least $250 a day, some as much as $500, for the service. The Mob's take was more than $50,000 daily—more than $15.6 million for the 312 racing days each year. New Orleans racketeer Carlos Marcello, who fed the service to Halfen, got 40 per cent of the take. Another 25 per cent went for bribes to politicians and cops—Texas-sized bribes, totaling over $3 million a year. The remaining 35 per cent went to Halfen and his associates.

Halfen's group controlled, during the same period, six major policy banks (they call it "running numbers" in New York). In Houston alone, the daily bets averaged $75,000. Again, 25 per cent went for bribes. Halfen also controlled 3000 slot machines (provided by the Mob) and innumerable illegal pinball machines. It controlled betting on football, basketball, baseball and election contests. And while the figures given are only those for Houston, the Mob operation extended throughout Texas—and Halfen's far-flung activities spilled into neighboring states and even into areas thousands of miles away. The bulk of Texas' political money in those days—even more than the contributions from oilmen and construction firms—came from the syndicate racketeers.

Of course it didn't all change hands in Joe's Place. Halfen also made payoffs right inside the U.S. Capitol, in various hotels in Washington, Houston and Austin, and at various gin mills. And of course he wasn't always making payoffs.

In 1948, for example, Halfen turned up at Lyndon Johnson's suite in the Ben Milam Hotel in Houston. He had been designated by his syndicate cronies to give Johnson some bad news: no hard feelings, but the Mob had decided to back Governor Coke Stevenson—not Johnson—in that year's runoff election for the U.S. Senate.

Photograph by Carl Fischer

by Michael Dorman

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The racketeers had no quarrel with Johnson; they had supported both him and Stevenson in the past. But they felt compelled to back Stevenson because the runoff occurred in midyear and Stevenson would be governor in any event until New Year's Day of 1949. Since the governor controlled the Texas Rangers—and since the Rangers allowed the syndicate to operate without harassment—the Mob was simply being prudent.

Johnson accepted Halfen's message with characteristic pragmatism. He shook Halfen's hand, assured him that he understood, and they parted cordially. No hard feelings.

The plans went awry, however, when the "Duke of Duval," George Parr—a man who ran his own rackets without allegiance to Halfen—decided to go with Johnson. The rest of the story is quite notorious: 203 votes arriving late from Precinct 13 in Parr-controlled Jim Wells County (Johnson, 202; Stevenson, 1), cast by dead Mexican-Americans and some live persons who somehow managed to vote in alphabetical order; Johnson's campaign manager—and now governor—John Connally, struggling to avoid an investigation; a federal judge discovering "fraud in the manipulation and counting of votes"; and Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black's dramatic reversal after an argument in his chambers with Abe Fortas, now a Johnson-appointed member of the Court.

Johnson earned the name "Landslide Lyndon" for what the august majesty of the law eventually decided was an 87-vote victory over Stevenson. His relations with the syndicate mobsters remained unimpaired. Johnson had won on terms they understood—and respected.

The connections between Halfen and Lyndon Johnson are, however, far less casual than would appear from this one incident. The paths of Lyndon Johnson and rackets boss Jack Halfen crossed often and intimately.

[2.]

FROM THE FREEBOOTING DUST BOWL outlaw days of Bonnie and Clyde to the high-level, paneled-wall political wheel-and-deal days of the Kennedy Administration, Jack Halfen has been a colorful key figure in the racketeers' Texas. He has crammed into one lifetime enough melodrama and intrigue to make a dozen Hollywood B movies—and several A movies as well.

As a young man—he is now fifty-four—Halfen ran with Clyde Barrow, Bonnie Parker, Pretty Boy Floyd and the other desperadoes who captured the imagination of the American public in the early 1930's. Later, he was an underworld crony of Mafia boss Vito Genovese, New Orleans racketeer Carlos Marcello, New York gambler Frank Costello and other leading Mob figures. The story of Jack Halfen is in microcosm the saga of Texas politics, where corruption has flourished under the joint administration of hoods and public officials. Texas is *All the King's Men* in ten-gallon hats.

Halfen was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on December 11, 1913, of a respected family of business people and ranchers. He has been living by his wits since the day in his teens when he joined a carnival. His first arrest was for counterfeiting half dollars in a Texas border town; he was fifteen, and they let him off with a lecture. There were other arrests, but Halfen was always either let off or acquitted. Eventually, he drifted into the Texas-Oklahoma underworld circles.

When Pretty Boy Floyd was on the lam from an Oklahoma murder charge, Halfen arranged to pay off a key Oklahoma political figure to allow Floyd to surrender, with the understanding that the outlaw would draw a minimum two-year sentence. The bribe was to be $10,000. To raise it, Halfen produced a movie on Floyd's career, then toured southwest theaters with Floyd's wife, Ruby. They showed the film, Ruby made a little speech, and the pair collected the admissions for the Floyd payoff fund. Before the entire $10,000 could be raised, however, the heat on Floyd became so great that he was ambushed and slain.

Halfen's experience with the proposed payoff on Pretty Boy Floyd's behalf had started him on the road toward becoming a big-time bagman for the Mob. He learned early in life how to capitalize on the greed of politicians and lawmen. At his trial for income tax evasion, the jury would be told that he was paying off a staggering $50,000 a week in Houston alone. The actual figure was $100,000 a week, but the prosecution was able to prove only half the corruption that Halfen accommodated.

Halfen set up his rackets headquarters in Houston in the mid-1930's. The town was wide open for gambling, vice and literally any racket. But the racketeers lacked cohesion, feuding constantly among themselves. Gangland murders were commonplace. It was the organizational genius of Jack Halfen that put a halt to the disorder and helped create a well-oiled underworld machine that for almost two decades brought unrivaled peace and prosperity to Texas crooks and politicians.

The scope of Jack Halfen's payoff operations emerged at his tax evasion trial in 1954. The strange ways of Texas politics were underscored by the fact that the man who drew up the indictment against Halfen and the former Harris County (Houston) sheriff, Neal Polk, was Charles Herring, Johnson's former congressional secretary. Halfen and Polk were both close friends of Lyndon Johnson, as of course was Herring.

After Herring had served with Johnson in Washington, Johnson had seen to his secretary's appointment as United States attorney for the western district of Texas. Normally, Herring would have been expected to lose his patronage job when Eisenhower was elected to the presidency. But through Johnson's intercession, he was kept in office by the Republican Administration. Throughout his career, Johnson seems to have had a knack for having friends in the right places.

Herring looked out for Johnson's interests, and continues to do so today as Lyndon Johnson's state senator—representing a broad senatorial district that includes the LBJ ranch. In his excellently furnished law office in Austin, he talked to me about Lyndon Johnson and the Halfen case, confirming many of the facts in this article.

"We knew, and proved," Herring told me, "that Jack Halfen was a payoff man of unbelievably large proportions. But we never knew the identities of all those he paid. Jack wouldn't tell us. But Jack never told us any lies. He just wouldn't talk about most things. What he did say, though, was found to be true."

After prosecuting Halfen, Herring went to bat for him before the United States Board of Paroles. He was not alone in trying to get Halfen out of jail; numerous other public officials also tried—including Lyndon Johnson.

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[3.]

HALFEN WENT ON TRIAL ON JUNE 21, 1954. Presiding was U.S. District Judge Ben H. Rice Jr., who had a reputation as one of the toughest. Ten pinball machine operators took the stand to state that their own payoffs to Halfen's syndicate on illegal machines alone amounted to from $5 to $7.50 per week per machine. They said this money—which the underworld calls "the nut"—was handed in cash in unmarked envelopes to a Halfen hireling, Thomas Jefferson Vondy, who was secretary of Halfen's Coin Machine Operators Association.

Other witnesses testified that Halfen had decreed that profits after "the nut" were to be split between the machine operators (60 per cent) and the owners of the machine locations (40 per cent); and that it was clear Halfen was the syndicate boss, although he was careful to keep his name out of the limelight.

Vondy testified that payments destined for policemen and politicians were delivered in envelopes to his office at 1508 Capitol in downtown Houston, but that he never opened them. He simply placed them in larger envelopes and delivered them to Halfen's personal downtown office at 2415 San Jacinto. Vondy said that he could not, therefore, tell who made each payoff, but that Halfen called him periodically to tell him whether certain gamblers had been derelict in their payments.

All told, prosecutor Herring introduced evidence that Halfen had paid off $50,000 a week in Houston alone—not to mention other cities. Privately, Mob sources conceded the actual Houston total was double that: $100,000 a week.

Trial testimony also disclosed that Halfen and Polk had gone on numerous hunting expeditions to southern Texas. Photographs taken on those trips show that their companions included such well-known political figures as then governor Allan Shivers and Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson.

The last prosecution witness was Internal Revenue Agent Travis G. Howard, who testified that the payoff list prepared by the Coin Machine Operators Association—which represented only part of Halfen's operations during a brief period—showed that one group of pinball operators alone had turned over $108,675 to the syndicate in 21 weeks. Howard said he charged this amount against Halfen's tax return.

Called to the stand, Halfen made it clear from the outset that he was willing to take the rap for his *compadres*. He testified that he kept all the money given him by the Coin Machine Operators Association. At the same time, he stuck to his contention that he had reported all his income to the IRS. His returns, he said, included all fees from the Coin Machine Operators Association—fees he said he had received for lobbying and public relations efforts on behalf of the gamblers.

IT IS NOT IN THE NATURE of Texas judges or prosecutors to inquire into links between great Texas names and Mob operations. The trial, for the most part, avoided the Pandora's box that would have been opened by questions about the recipients of Halfen's payoff money; it confined itself to the considerably narrower question of whether Halfen had actually received payoff money and failed to report it correctly on his income tax return. Despite this delicate approach, however, the trial record contains references to Halfen's dealings with other Texas notables, including two close friends of Lyndon Johnson: deceased Congressman Albert Thomas and retired Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark.

Halfen was involved financially with Thomas and other prominent Texans, he testified, in Great Southern Airways—a forerunner of the current major southwest feeder airline, Trans Texas Airways. Halfen and Thomas had decided to found the airline when the government offered to sell surplus World War II aircraft at bargain prices. They arranged for Great Southern to buy at least ten C-46 planes from the War Assets Administration for $8600 each, but before the purchase was completed, the bottom fell out of the C-46 market—to about $1000 a plane. Halfen said that he and Thomas decided to have Great Southern renege on the deal and let the government pick up the planes for nonpayment. But the government threatened to sue to get the $86,000.

According to the testimony, however, Halfen and Thomas worked out an agreement with Tom Clark, who was then Harry Truman's attorney general. The deal, made in Thomas' Capitol Hill office, would have allowed Halfen and Thomas to settle the whole claim for $2500; but it fell through because a memorandum written by Clark to other Justice Department officials was "mislaid." The government ultimately obtained a default court judgment demanding the full price.

Subsequent investigation by this writer disclosed that the deal involved one of Halfen's famous cash bonuses—reportedly $10,000—to Clark. Halfen gave the money to Thomas with the understanding that Thomas would give the cash to Clark. When Clark did not get the government suit dropped, Thomas wanted to sue him to get the money back. Halfen gently pointed out the absurdity of suing the attorney general of the United States for return of a $10,000 payoff, and Thomas did not pursue the matter further.

Before Thomas' death in 1966, I questioned him about his dealings with Halfen. The congressman conceded that he had helped Halfen in various business deals, including the airline, but he denied knowing Halfen as a racketeer and said he considered him a reputable businessman.

In February of this year I interviewed Justice Clark at the plush Houston Club and asked him about the airplane affair and others of the dealings he has reportedly had with Halfen and Thomas. Clark said he did not recall ever meeting Halfen, but that he was certainly a close friend of Albert Thomas. And he added: "You know, this isn't the first time I've been accused of something like this. I was accused in Chicago of carrying a half million dollars in underworld money in a big box to Washington. You know what the truth of it was? My wife loves blackeyed peas. And I'd picked up a box of blackeyed peas for her. And I carried it everywhere with me—put it on top of the air conditioners in hotel rooms so the peas wouldn't spoil. That's all that was in the box, blackeyed peas."

More than the odor of blackeyed peas clung to Clark, however, when he left Texas for Washington and when he left his job as attorney general to move up to the Supreme Court. Responsible public officials in Texas say that Clark was "practically run out of the state" over his involvement in a "hot oil" scandal. As United States attorney general, he came under heavy fire from Congress for his purported failure to prosecute vigorously the Truman era tax swindlers and Kansas City vote-stealers. The criticism was at its harshest when President Truman appointed Clark to the Supreme Court.

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Not only politicians are involved in mob operations, however. Halfen's lobby in Washington included the services of a very well-known newspaper columnist. During Halfen's heyday, the mobsters set aside one day's slot and pinball take every six months and delivered it to the columnist—half in cash and half in a check to his favorite charity!

Herring, summarizing the government's case, told the jury that Halfen was "a payoff man of astronomical proportions," and admitted that "I'm not very proud of the conditions that we've shown to exist" in Texas. But since Halfen was handling such huge amounts of bag money, Herring went on, "the least he could do would be to pay taxes on it."

The jury found Halfen guilty, and Judge Rice sentenced him to four years. After exhausting his appeals, he entered Seagoville Federal Prison, near Dallas, in late 1955. While in prison, Halfen was visited constantly by IRS and FBI agents, who used threats and promises to try to find out who received all those enormous payoffs. Halfen, however, refused to talk.

[4.]

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S ATTORNEY GENERAL, Herbert Brownell, had masterminded Eisenhower's 1952 election victory and he had 1956 on his mind. One of the things he wanted was to get something on various Texas Democrats—foremost among them Lyndon Johnson—for use in the campaign. At the time, Johnson was Senate majority leader, the most powerful man in Congress and possibly the most powerful Democrat in America.

But Brownell, a slick and sophisticated New York lawyer, couldn't have known what he would be getting into if he began digging around in Texas soil. New Yorkers might be expected to know something about corruption, but they could hardly be prepared for the bizarre quality of even a routine business arrangement in the land of the *nouveau riche*.

The Justice Department, however, wanted to nose around, and into the Halfen case at this point entered one of those rare Texas law enforcement officers who thought that his job was to enforce the law. His name is J. Neal Matthews; a former Houston homicide detective and former Secret Service agent, he was working in 1956 as a deputy U.S. marshal in Houston. He had traveled extensively around the country transporting prisoners, among them Soviet spy Rudolf Abel, whom Matthews escorted from Texas to New York after his capture.

Matthews visited Seagoville Prison frequently in the course of his duties. Early in 1956, while on one of these visits, he was told by an inmate that Halfen wanted to see him.

That request began what must be the strangest episode in the history of American law enforcement. It was to stretch across the next two national Administrations, becoming steadily stranger as one attorney general after another became aware that he held a Pandora's box in his hands.

On his next visit to Seagoville, Matthews spoke to Halfen, who complained about the constant harassment by FBI and IRS agents. Halfen's worry was that the word had gotten around the prison that he had turned canary—which was not true—and that other convicts might try to silence him.

Though they had long been on opposite sides of the law, Halfen—in true Texas Western-movie fashion—knew Matthews and trusted him. He talked candidly to the marshal. Before the conversation was over, Matthews asked what Halfen wanted in trade for cooperation with federal agents. Halfen answered that he would not inform on his Mob friends, but that some of his erstwhile cronies—particularly high-ranking politicians—had double-crossed him. He implied that he might let the details of his payoffs be known.

In return, Halfen asked at first for a parole. Later, after conferring with his attorney, he said that he would take nothing less than a full pardon from Eisenhower. Matthews said he'd see what he could do.

Although Lyndon Johnson had succeeded in keeping Democrat Charles Herring in office as U.S. attorney in Austin, the U.S. attorney in Houston was Republican Malcolm R. Wilkey, a Harvard man, book-learning smart but far from streetwise. When Matthews returned to Houston, he told Wilkey about the interview with Halfen. Wilkey phoned Brownell's office and was authorized to pursue the matter further. Matthews returned to the prison, where—on orders from Brownell's office—his second conference with Halfen was held in the privacy of the warden's office.

The official record of what Halfen said during that extraordinary meeting in the warden's chambers remains locked in the Justice Department files. But Matthews, in a series of recent interviews, has disclosed what Halfen told him.

Matthews' assignment from the Justice Department was to ask Halfen for incriminating information about four men: Lyndon Johnson, Sam Rayburn (the late speaker of the House), Tom Clark and Albert Thomas. Halfen, Matthews said, conceded "doing business" with all four men. All except Rayburn had profited financially from these dealings, Halfen told the marshal. Rayburn had done political favors for Halfen in return for Halfen's support for some of his proteges, including Johnson.

But Halfen had balked at the strictly political request to provide information only on these four men. He sensed that the Republicans were seeking campaign ammunition and was reluctant to provide it. He warned Matthews that it would be impossible to tell the story of his operations without implicating scores of top-level political figures besides the four Matthews had named. "You and Wilkey," Halfen said, "are stirring some shit you won't be able to handle. If you go into this very deeply, you're both liable to wind up working in Lower Slobovia."

Halfen told Matthews that he was particularly reluctant to provide incriminating information on Lyndon Johnson, because Johnson had been trying to get him out on parole. The senator, Halfen said, had written to the Board of Paroles on Halfen's behalf, only to be rebuffed (copies of this correspondence are still in Halfen's possession).

Matthews assured Halfen that the Justice Department had pledged to conduct a thorough, impartial investigation, no matter who would be hurt by it. He said the four names were not the only ones in which the Justice Department was interested—merely those in which it was the *most* interested. After more negotiations, Matthews returned to Seagoville on June 21, 1956. The warden's office was again made available. Halfen entered the office at 12:15 p.m. and left at 2:30. During those two and a quarter hours, Halfen provided Matthews with information which, put in writing, became a piece of what the late-show movies call political dynamite. The aging process has only increased its explosiveness.

Photograph by John Mason

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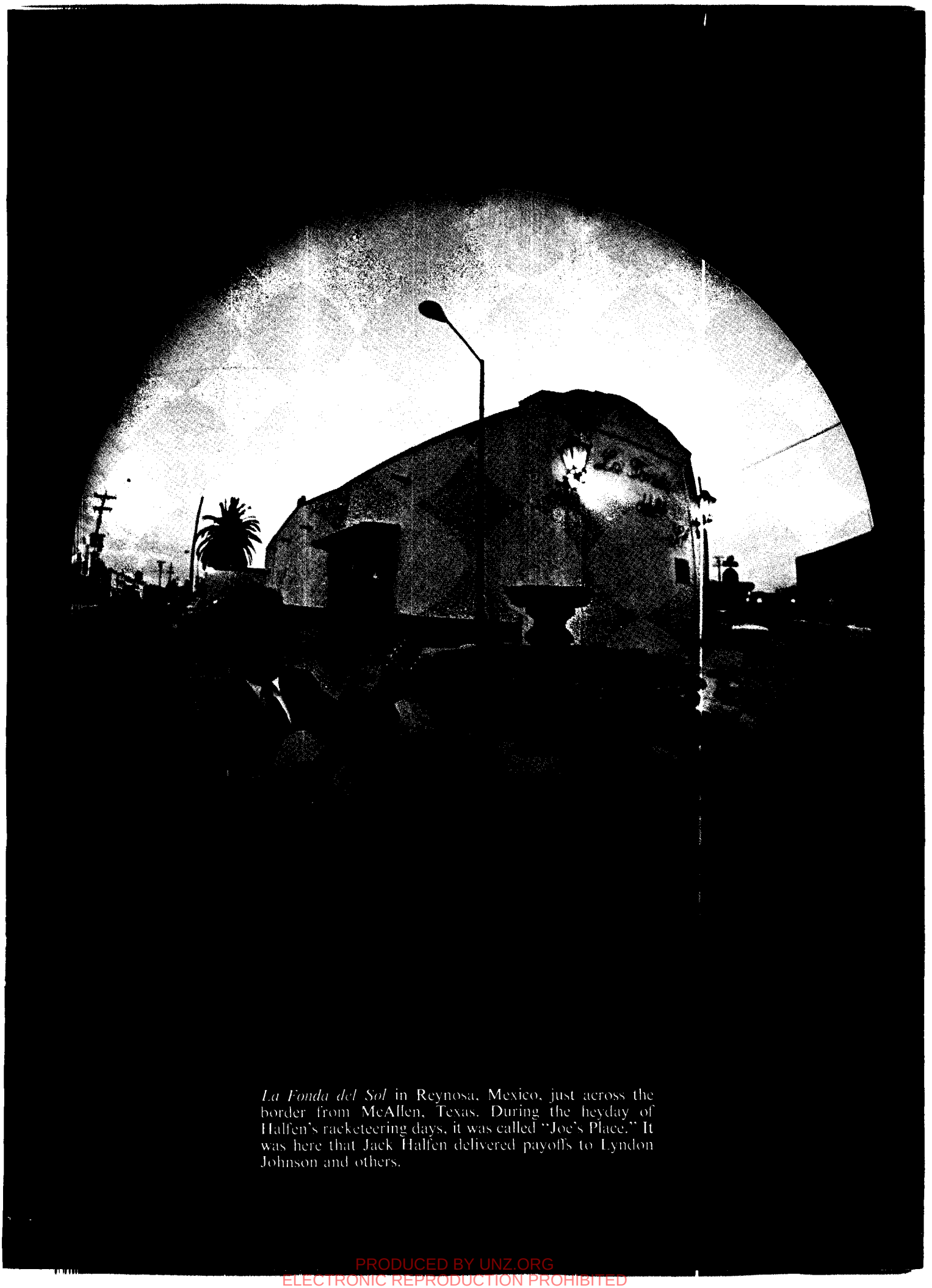

La Fonda del Sol in Reynosa, Mexico, just across the border from McAllen, Texas. During the heyday of Halfen's racketeering days, it was called "Joe's Place." It was here that Jack Halfen delivered payoffs to Lyndon Johnson and others.

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2415 San Jacinto St., Houston, Texas: Jack Halfen's office during his active racketeering days, and the place where payoffs were delivered to him.

1508 Capitol St., Houston, Texas: Formerly the office for coin-machine operators, and the place where payoffs were collected before being taken to Halfen's office.

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Matthews made a list of 40 names from Halfen's information. The names were those of the men about whom Halfen said he could, and would, provide evidence of corruption. But Halfen also insisted that he would protect his friends; some significant names—including Lyndon Johnson's—were deliberately left off the list.

Even without the majority leader, however, it wasn't too dull a list. The first name was that of then governor of Texas, Allan Shivers. When the rackets were flourishing in Texas under Halfen's aegis, the Mob leader asserted, Shivers—both as lieutenant governor and as governor—had served as the conduit for major payoffs by gamblers to state officials. The payoffs funneled through Shivers' office by Halfen's syndicate were reported to run over one million dollars a year.

Other nationally prominent Texans on the list included Congressman Albert Thomas, Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark, and prominent Texas judges, city and state officials, Internal Revenue and Customs agents, other peace officers, businessmen and underworld figures. Halfen provided bits and pieces of information about most of those on the list—keeping other information for future bargaining power. And holding back information on the biggest catch of all: Lyndon Johnson.

Matthews drove back to Houston from the prison, typed out the list of names and facts he had taken down in longhand at Seagoville, and then telephoned Wilkey's chief assistant, C. A. ("Tony") Friloux, who is now in private law practice in Houston. Friloux met Matthews away from the Federal Building for a cup of coffee and Matthews gave him the list. "I gave the list to Malcolm Wilkey," Friloux told this writer in an interview at his law office on April 6. "That was the last I saw of it."

[5.]

WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT LIST? According to others involved in the subsequent investigation, Wilkey, anxious to get such red-hot information to Washington, sent it in an open Western Union telegram to Brownell's office. The Justice Department was understandably shocked that Wilkey had used the open wires—rather than secret government channels—for the transmission of such politically sensitive information. One version is that Brownell considered Wilkey's move such a monumental blunder—especially since the first name on the Western Union wire was that of Texas' Democratic governor—that to proceed further might cost Eisenhower Texas in the election.

Nevertheless, there were additional negotiations. Halfen's lawyer talked to Wilkey, then went to Washington for a conference with Acting Attorney General Warren Olney, who was filling in for Brownell while the attorney general was on a trip through Central America with Eisenhower. Olney, who now resides in Berkeley, California, says today that he remembers the case only "vaguely"—but he does recall a list of "important names" being involved. Halfen's attorney also talked to the chairman and vice chairman of the Board of Paroles, who told him that such a private meeting with a defense attorney was unprecedented.

As a result of these meetings, Halfen's lawyer expressed skepticism about the idea of a presidential pardon; the Justice Department, he came to believe, was promising more than it could deliver, even if it were willing to deliver at all.

Still, the investigation perked on. Halfen continued to talk—though now more guardedly—to the federal men. On orders from Washington, transmitted by Wilkey, Neal Matthews returned to Seagoville and spirited Halfen from the prison under a writ issued by Allen B. Hannay, then chief judge of the U.S. District Court for the southern district of Texas.

Matthews took Halfen from the prison on June 26 and did not return him until July 10. During that time, Halfen was shuttled along a well-worn trail of county jails, each time signing in under an assumed name. At one of these jails, in Wharton, he was apparently recognized by the local sheriff, "Buckshot" Lane, who also served as a stringer for the Houston Post.

Whether they got it from "Buckshot" Lane or not, the Post printed a story noting Halfen's absence from Seagoville and speculating that he might be telling all to the feds. This further complicated Neal Matthews' task; he had considered it a serious blunder on Wilkey's part to order Halfen taken to Wharton in the first place. He hastily removed Halfen from the Wharton jail and took him to Houston for a late-night meeting with Wilkey in the prosecutor's office. Subsequent events are described in detail in a letter written to Wilkey by a disgruntled Halfen—with a carbon copy to Attorney General Brownell—after Halfen was back in federal prison. Copies of this letter are (or were) in the Justice Department files.

Halfen wrote to Wilkey: "We discussed at that time [in Wilkey's office] what you wanted from me and, in turn, what you proposed to do for me. During this discussion you advised me that your investigation, up to that point, had led you to believe I could be of great assistance in clearing up many points and that you were willing to virtually guarantee me parole. . . . Mr. Friloux then suggested that we pick at random a person whose name appeared on the list [prepared by Matthews], and that I relate what I knew of this person as a sort of 'sampling' arrangement, so that your office would be able to evaluate my information—presumably as a guide to gauging its value in later 'negotiations' for my benefit upstairs. I declined to do this, feeling that I should discuss any further arrangements with my attorney, whereupon we concluded this conference with the understanding that I would have my attorney present in your office in a few days, at which time Mr. David Irons [an assistant attorney general from Washington] would be in Houston.

"My attorney arrived in Houston a couple of days later. . . . However, we were advised that you had been called to Washington for further discussions about this matter with the Attorney General, and my attorney then made arrangements to meet you in Washington on about the 19th or 20th of July. . . ."

Halfen's letter went on to describe further conversations in which Matthews told him that Wilkey and the FBI had been ordered to proceed no further until given new instructions by Brownell's office. He told how he was returned to Seagoville by Matthews, then taken by the deputy marshal to the La Tuna Federal Prison near El Paso. At La Tuna, he said, Wilkey visited him and questioned him in his attorney's presence. The letter to Wilkey continued:

"You stated that you were at present only interested in discussing certain persons then holding public office or employed by the federal government. I advised you then that it

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would be difficult to discuss part and not all, as they were inexorably linked in a manner which would lead from one to the other. You then stated that the only thing you could offer me was the opportunity to tell what I really knew of these parties in the presence of the FBI . . . and after that you would then probably feel that you might be able to get a pardon or parole for me if you felt that such would assist you in obtaining convictions. I then stated to you that this was not our agreement and that I did not feel I should be held responsible for your office's ability to obtain convictions from my assistance....

"During this conversation, you mentioned that you were going to be rather busy with your political activities [on behalf of the Eisenhower ticket] as well as the duties of your office. . . . Though you wanted to continue the investigation because you felt that the resultant publicity would have favorable effects on other investigations then in progress, you felt you would not be able to fully exploit same until after the national election. At that time I requested only that you contact Mr. Warren Olney and endeavor to get a more definite commitment as to what the attorney general's office expected of me—and what they were willing to do on my behalf. We then concluded our conference."

Meanwhile, Wilkey and Friloux continued their investigation. Friloux says he telephoned Halfen's attorney in an effort to determine what sort of documentation Halfen had for his charges. "I wanted to be sure this guy [Halfen] was no fluke," Friloux said. "His lawyer, a respected member of the bar, told me Halfen really had the goods—that he had a bunch of documents, wire recordings, and so forth locked up in a safe."

Friloux then summoned a series of witnesses before the grand jury—including oilman-promoter Glenn McCarthy, who had been a heavy gambler and a friend of both Neal Polk and Jack Halfen, various former Halfen aides, Sheriff Polk's former banker and accountant, and numerous others. Halfen was also subpoenaed. But when the Justice Department seemed to be reneging on its deal, Halfen balked at testifying.

En route to the Republican National Convention in California, to which he was a delegate, Wilkey stopped at La Tuna for three days of conferences with Halfen. On the third day, Wilkey laid it on the line. He told Halfen he wanted evidence on just one man at that point—Lyndon Johnson.

Halfen accused Wilkey of playing politics with his parole, but Wilkey denied any whitewash of other parts of the case. He said the Justice Department merely wanted to see what Halfen had on Senator Johnson, as a "sample" of what he had on others.

[6.]

WHAT DID HALFEN HAVE ON JOHNSON? Halfen's syndicate had helped to elect Johnson to Congress, and to reelect him over a ten-year period. They had given Johnson $500,000 in cash and campaign contributions—payments averaging $50,000 a year.

In return Johnson had aided racketeer interests on the floor of Congress and, more important, in its back rooms. He had not been alone. There were other congressmen on Halfen's payroll and on the payrolls of other Mob leaders.

Johnson helped to kill in committee all anti-rackets legislation that concerned Halfen. Whenever a crusading congressman or a hotshot lawyer in the Justice Department would come up with a bill to ban the interstate transportation of slot machines, or to regulate racing wires, or to rewrite the tax laws to make it tougher on gamblers, Johnson was expected to see that the legislation died a quiet death. He was so successful that Halfen occasionally made the joking accusation that Johnson had bills introduced just so he could get them killed.

When a law finally was enacted to ban interstate transportation of slot machines (ironically called the Johnson Act—it was named for Senator Edwin Johnson of Colorado), it came out full of loopholes. In addition, Johnson—Lyndon, not Edwin—acted on Halfen's behalf to head off, or at least to curb, such embarrassing congressional investigations as that by the Kefauver Committee.

While Halfen was still making his astronomical payoffs, Kefauver had launched his celebrated investigation of organized crime. His committee toured racket-infested cities, but never made it to Houston—in fact, it never even entered Texas. This singular exception was due in no small part to Halfen's pressuring Johnson to pressure Kefauver to keep the committee away from Houston. Johnson later wrote Halfen—in language intended to veil the details—about his efforts on Halfen's behalf. This letter, on government stationery, remains among Halfen's carefully preserved files.

On another occasion, Halfen prevailed upon Johnson for help in curbing a congressional investigation of tax-free charitable foundations. Halfen feared that Mob contributions to at least one charity—made through its favorite newspaper columnist—would be investigated and asked Johnson to see what he could do to assure that neither Halfen nor his associates received subpoenas. He also asked whether it would be wise to continue relations with the columnist. Halfen has kept a letter from Johnson, written on Senate stationery, telling him of Johnson's efforts and advising him to maintain the status quo. Nobody Halfen knew was subpoenaed.

Halfen also has a letter from Johnson to Halfen's brother, Bill, in which Johnson wrote that he had made vigorous efforts to get the syndicate boss released from prison. He told how these efforts were rebuffed, and enclosed copies of his correspondence with the parole board. (Similar letters were written by Congressman Albert Thomas and prosecutor Charles Herring. Since Charles Herring had been both Halfen's prosecutor and a close friend of Johnson's, I asked him about LBJ's dealings with the racketeer. He would not confirm that Johnson took payoffs from Halfen, but he wouldn't say that it wasn't true, either. He only said he had no "personal knowledge" of LBJ's payoffs.)

Besides the letters, Halfen has preserved in safe deposit vaults other mementoes of his intimate relationship with the former senior senator from Texas. There is, for instance, 800 feet of movie film showing three couples—Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson, Halfen and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Neal Polk—frolicking on a hunting trip. There are still pictures, taken by Halfen, of Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson with Mrs. Halfen, Polk and other Halfen cronies; other still pictures showing Johnson with Halfen and Polk; pictures showing former Governor Shivers with Halfen, Polk and a Texas district attorney on a hunting trip; and pictures taken by Halfen of Shivers and his wife with Mrs. Halfen.

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[7.]

MUCH OF THIS STORY HAS FILTERED out since Malcolm Wilkey's final visit with Halfen at La Tuna Prison, but the basic documentation was always available to Wilkey and other Justice Department officials. In that last bitter meeting at La Tuna, Wilkey kept coming back to the name of Lyndon Johnson, and Halfen kept insisting that he would not talk only about Johnson—that there were many other politicians who had taken far more money from him than Johnson's moderate $50,000 a year.

The interview ended in a fight. Wilkey was impatient to leave for the Republican convention and wanted Halfen's information on Johnson. Halfen refused to single out Johnson for special punishment, insisting that he would cooperate only if the Justice Department made good on the original bargain. The meeting became so heated that two FBI agents had to physically keep the two men apart.

The Justice Department's investigation trailed off after this, and the officials involved at the time now admit to only the dimmest memory—if any recollection at all—of their frantic efforts to engage in what would have been, and still could be, the biggest corruption indictment in American history. Asked recently why he didn't proceed, for instance, Herbert Brownell said earnestly, "I'm sorry, I just don't recall the case."

Incredibly—and for whatever reasons—the Justice Department never turned the information from Halfen, or the 40 names on Matthews' list, over to the Internal Revenue Service, even though millions of dollars in tax money were involved. Dan Goodykoontz, for many years head of the IRS investigatory unit in Houston, told me that although he knew informally of the Justice Department's attempt to use Halfen to get Johnson, he received no information from the Justice Department or from his IRS superiors about Halfen's sweeping payoffs—and that although he headed the IRS intelligence securities in the area, he did not know about Halfen's payoff list until I told him of its existence.

Neal Matthews was perhaps the one man who refused to let the matter die. He made periodic visits to Halfen—more to try to make up for what he considered the Justice Department's betrayal than in the hope of producing new evidence. Matthews felt that the Justice Department officials had treated Halfen shabbily. "They broke their word to Jack," he said in an interview. "He was ready to keep his end of the bargain, but they wouldn't keep theirs."

In the end, Halfen served the remainder of his stretch at La Tuna—every last day of the four-year sentence. Without his cooperation, the Justice Department chose to dismiss the tax case against Harris County's former sheriff, Neal Polk. Moreover, the Justice Department's hopes for building cases against other potential defendants evaporated. No new indictments resulted from the Houston grand jury investigation.

Thus, the information in the Justice Department files—never acted upon—remains one of the most sensational sealed indictments in American political history.

Halfen spent much of the few years following his release from prison adventuring in Latin America; there was a period in which he ran guns and ferried surplus American bombers, equipped with nose cannons, to Fidel Castro. Although he got away with smuggling guns and bombers, Halfen's luck did not run even. In 1961, he was arrested on charges of passing forged money orders for small amounts. He stood trial on one charge in Fort Worth and on the other in Oklahoma City. He was convicted in both cases and given three-year and ten-year prison terms, to run concurrently.

While Halfen was in prison, this writer suggested to Edwyn Silberling—then Attorney General Robert Kennedy's aide in charge of the Organized Crime Section of the Justice Department—that new efforts might be made to see whether Halfen would be willing to talk. At that time, of course, Lyndon Johnson was serving as Vice President.

Nonetheless, Silberling wanted to pursue the matter. His drive against organized crime had produced several effective—but embarrassing—investigations of Democratic politicians who had helped to elect John F. Kennedy President. Silberling and his aides had just finished prosecuting a group of Democratic officeholders in Indiana on corruption charges, and had directed the case against New York State Supreme Court Justice J. Vincent Keogh, convicted of trying to rig a federal court trial. Keogh was the brother of New York Congressman Eugene Keogh, an early and influential Kennedy backer.

Silberling told me in an interview that when he had first presented Bobby Kennedy with the evidence against Judge Keogh, Bobby replied, "Damn it, I told my brother I didn't want to be attorney general." That case was prosecuted, but politics soon overcame principle. Silberling says that Kennedy eventually took away his authority to open new corruption investigations—too many Democrats were being hurt. With this ethic in force it was obvious that Silberling's hope for reopening the Halfen case was doomed. Silberling resigned shortly afterward.

Though Halfen was confronted with the possibility of remaining behind bars until 1971—or, with time off for good behavior, until 1968—he was unexpectedly paroled in the summer of 1966. His friends say he merely wants to live out his years in tranquility. Whether he will be permitted to do so remains to be seen. He is, after all, still a walking stick of political dynamite. Many of the officials named on his list are out of office, but quite a few remain on the public payroll. And the evidence concerning his relationship with them still rests in the government files. Theoretically at least, it would be possible for the Justice Department to reopen its investigation at any time.

But those Department officials who have been interviewed recently about the affair have shown no inclination to poke into a hornet's nest that might ultimately sting not only Lyndon Johnson but also others, like Tom Clark, who retired from the Supreme Court upon the appointment of his son as attorney general. The possibility of Ramsey Clark's Justice Department investigating either Lyndon Johnson or Tom Clark seems a trifle remote.

Three successive national Administrations found it practical to ignore this case, and not surprisingly. It is just possible that Texas and Lyndon Johnson together are too much for the rest of America to handle.

Michael Dorman covered Texas politics for ten years as a reporter for the Houston Press, and most recently worked for Newsday. Now a free-lance writer, he is the author of several books, the latest of which is The Secret Service Story *(Dell, 1967).*

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Drawing by David Levine

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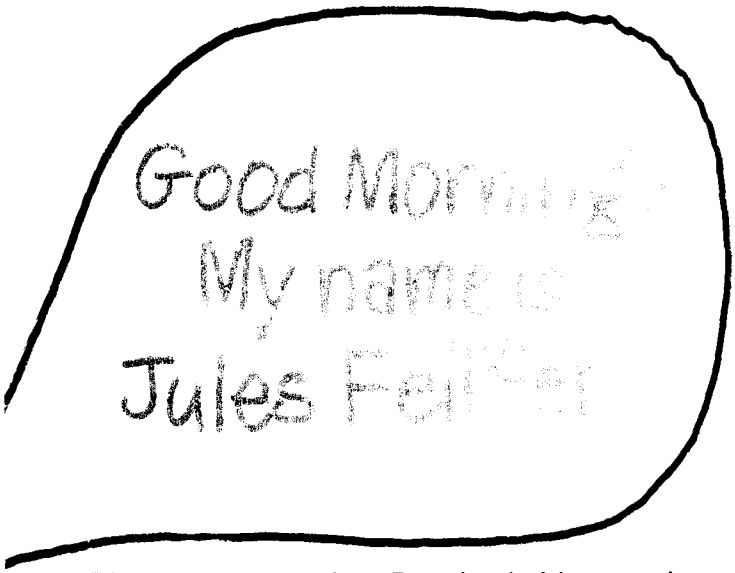

I WAS ASKED when I arrived this morning to speak at the counter-demonstration. It was hoped that my presence—and the presence of a rock band—would draw students away from the Dow Chemical demonstration and help prevent violence.

Now, I am strongly opposed to left-wing violence; I don't think throwing steer's blood and breaking windows and urinating on the Pentagon is an effective way of winning the hearts and minds of the American people. That approach—the charging into crowds, the beating up of bystanders, the indiscriminate assault on private and government property—is only effective when used by the government. In any case, I am morally opposed to the use of violence by either side: the aggressor or the aggressed upon.

So I asked for some information about the situation at San Jose State. Well, I was told that last year you had a riot. I thought that was bad and asked how the riot happened to get started. I was told that the riot began when the police came on campus, and that tear gas was used. I naturally assumed that the tear gas was used by the demonstrators because as we all know from press reports of the march on the Pentagon, all those kids had tear gas canisters. The use of tear gas and Mace to dispel attacking police is a well-known left-wing tactic.

However, in this case, I was informed that the tear gas had been used by the police—and the hope was that a counter-demonstration would cool the present situation and prevent the police from having to take action. So I became sympathetic to the counter-demonstration. I assumed it was to be against the presence of the police on campus. But no. It was to be against the presence of students on campus. I asked if the administration had asked the police to please stay off campus this time? No. You can't ask the police to stay off campus. It's a violation of their civil liberties.

I asked if after the last demonstration did the administration condemn the role of the police and the use of tear gas? No. The president might lose his job if he did that. Was Dow Chemical asked to stay away? No. That would violate Dow Chemical's civil liberties. Was the NLF offered the campus so that it too could set up a recruiting table? No. The NLF's civil liberties are being taken care of by Dow Chemical. Besides, it wasn't fair to keep Dow Chemical off campus when only one per cent of its industrial plant went to making napalm.

I wondered what would be a good percentage? If Dow Chemical used two per cent or five per cent of its industrial plant to make napalm, would that be reason enough to keep it off campus? Twenty-five per cent? Fifty per cent? Or should we wait until Dow starts making gas ovens? One per cent napalm, one per cent gas ovens. Only two per cent of Dow's industrial plant contributed to genocide. Besides, what percentage of the world's population did gas ovens kill? Not much. Anyhow, all wars kill people.

I carefully considered all this information and decided that it was incumbent upon me to take a stand. So I have suggested that the most effective way to handle future demonstrations is to ask the Justice Department to invoke the anti-riot provision of the Civil Rights bill—that provision which makes it a federal crime to cross State lines with intent to incite riot and violence. I suggested they arrest the Dow Chemical Corporation.

[Being the Text of an Address given at San Jose State College, 11 March, 1968]

by Jules Feiffer

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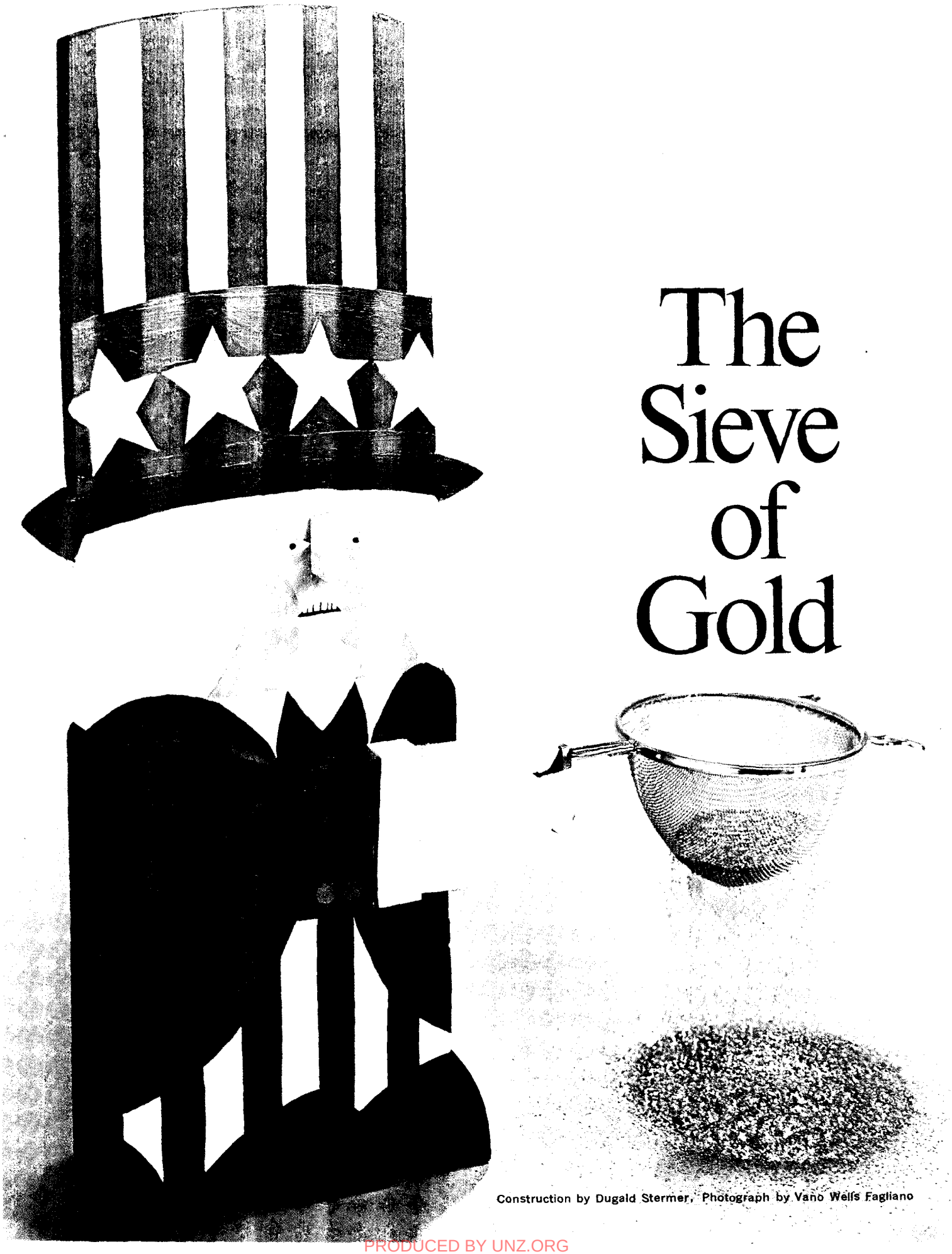
The Sieve of Gold



Construction by Dugald Stermer, Photograph by Vano Wells Fagliano

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Eccles: Just list some of our national problems—the very large and continuing budget deficit, the inflationary pressures, the balance-of-payments deficit, the lack of confidence abroad in our dollar, the riots in our cities, the unrest on our campuses, the split among all classes of our populace and within our political parties. I believe that all of these can be traced to a common cause.

Forbes: *Which is?*

Eccles: Which is the war in Vietnam.

—Interview with Marriner Eccles, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, in Forbes Magazine.

by Michael Hudson

MILLIONS OF AMERICANS heard President Johnson say in his startling television speech on March 31 that he would not substantially escalate the Vietnam War, but few heard the peremptory voice of gold speaking in the background. In the past, the military compulsion of the Tet defeat would have sent many thousands of fresh troops to Vietnam to meet the new challenge. But that was before the U.S. gold crisis. One expert noted: "The European financiers are forcing peace on us. For the first time in American history, our European creditors have forced the resignation of an American President." (Wall Street Journal, April 4, 1968.) To understand the pressures behind the President's decision, one must understand that the Vietnam War has left Uncle Sam holding a sieve of gold.

At the outset of 1965, as President Johnson began his new term of office, the United States was clearly the world's greatest military power and Vietnam was certainly among the weakest. Yet so expensive has even so mismatched a war become that, looking back, it can be seen that only by imposing full wartime controls—increasing taxes, establishing a rigorous system of wage and price and balance-of-payments controls, and above all by sharply deflating the civilian sector of the economy—could the collapse of America's world financial power have been prevented. The gold crisis this year finally signaled this collapse.

It may seem strange that the huge power of America should be thwarted by a crisis over the depletion of gold, a primitive human fetish. But however irrational the financial power of gold may appear, it is less irrational than the power of paper. Paper currency depends upon faith in the stability of its value, and hence faith in the economic strength and wisdom of the country that issues it. Gold, of course, requires no such faith. The movement out of paper into gold is a protective measure on the part of people who are experiencing a loss of faith in the purchasing power of the paper.

Until 1968 Europe had, in an important respect, borne the major cost of supporting world confidence that America's overseas military expenditures would not impair the value of America's currency. Europe did this by holding onto the dollars thrown off by these expenditures rather than cashing them in for U.S. gold. The Europeans had protested since 1964 against absorbing these dollars, and finally, with the gold crisis, they drew the line against continuing thus to finance U.S. military policy. America was left to pay the costs itself, but they were beyond its means. And at that point it became clear that the U.S. could not continue its current rate of overseas military spending—much less increase it—without bringing on a complete collapse of confidence in its currency.

[HISTORY OF A PROFLIGATE]

THE BREAKING POINT of America's financial power has long been near and would soon have been reached even if there had not been a war in Vietnam. The tension between our military and economic power abroad and our living standards at home was too great to have been sustained indefinitely.

This tension was withstood through 17 years of deficits only because the U.S. entered the postwar years riding on a tremendous cushion of gold. This cushion was one of the major factors permitting the spectacular expansion and consolidation of worldwide American interests after the Second World War. Throughout the crucial years for the development of U.S. Cold War policies, we had a hoard of gold so huge that balance-of-payments deficits were of no concern to us at all.

The rapid growth in American gold holdings began in January 1934. At that time the U.S. gold stock stood at $7.4 billion, an amount equal to 35 per cent of world monetary gold reserves. By 1938 the gold stock had increased to $12.7 billion, or 55 per cent of world reserves. This inflow was not the result of "normal" economic conditions, however, nor was it the result of any trade surplus. Rather, it resulted from the fact that European individuals and corporations, recognizing the threat posed by Hitler, transferred their funds into U.S. securities, a transfer which was accompanied by an outflow of gold from European central banks to the United States. Most of the additions to the U.S. gold stock during this period came from Britain, France and the Netherlands.

So extraordinary was this inflow that at the time the U.S. government acted to "sterilize" it so as to avoid its inflationary potential. This sterilization was done by adding the new gold to the Treasury's own account rather than to that of the Federal Reserve System, so that it would not tend to swell the

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reserves of the banking system. By this action, Europe's gold was financially segregated from that gold earned earlier by the U.S. in its "normal" international transactions—though it all belonged to the U.S. regardless of accounting procedures.

This gold inflow continued through 1939-40 as Europe became more and more dependent on America for its supply of armaments following Hitler's invasions of Czechoslovakia and Austria. And though America did grant its allies lend-lease credits after its entry into the war in 1941, Europe continued to lose gold.

By year-end 1945, the U.S. government possessed 59 per cent of world monetary gold reserves: $20.1 billion in gold (including U.S. Treasury and Federal Reserve accounts and disregarding gold shipped to America by other governments merely for safekeeping). In the dissipation of this gold during the Cold War years, the U.S. was not so much living off its savings as squandering the inheritance left by the demise of prewar European power.

[GOLD POLICY IN THE POSTWAR ERA: 1945-63]

PEACE RETURNED. But the specter of Europe's post-World War I hyper-inflation and economic crises afforded the United States a warning of the political instability which might repeat itself should an impoverished Europe be left to reconstruct its devastated economy with only its own meager resources. Clearly, the United States was the only nation at that time capable of filling Europe's reconstruction needs. But just as clearly, under the gold standard—according to which balance-of-payments deficits were settled in gold bullion—the massive infusion of American goods needed for reconstruction would have the effect of utterly depleting Europe's monetary reserves, thus also creating a massive inflation. This would have had obvious political repercussions in view of the strength of Europe's Communist parties, especially in France, Italy and Greece.

It was to avoid such a monetary crisis and still supply Europe with adequate reconstruction resources that the United States took the lead in 1944 in forming the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (IBRD), or World Bank.

Their establishment was marked by a controversy highly political in nature. At the meetings, held at Bretton Woods, Connecticut, Britain put forth John Maynard Keynes' plan to create an international unit-of-account, an international paper money—not unlike the Special Drawing Rights which are now being established at U.S. insistence. This plan called for the creation of "paper gold" for Europe to use in settlement of its balance-of-payments deficits with the United States and other suppliers of reconstruction materials. This paper credit would have been accepted by the United States (and other surplus nations) in lieu of gold. At the end of the reconstruction process, according to this plan, the United States would be left with international reserves comprising both gold and paper credits, while Europe would be left with virtually no growth or loss in its net reserves, but with a massive accumulation of real capital and a viable economic base. Through this stratagem, therefore, Europe could have retained what meager gold stocks it still possessed, meanwhile financing its reconstruction with a heavy importation of American goods (much as today, America is asking to finance its domestic and overseas expenditures with European credits).

But America summarily rejected this proposal, not only because of what it believed to be an inflationary potential for the U.S. economy, but also because it felt little desire to accumulate the "paper gold" certificates which Keynes proposed. For if this paper credit were to be counted in its own reserves, the U.S. recognized, it would entail the same inflationary potential as gold itself. (Again, much the same attitude has been taken by Europe in recent years, insisting that U.S. payments deficits are "exporting" America's inflation to Europe.) And if this "paper gold" could not be counted as bona fide reserves, then this would be the equivalent of merely giving away American goods. America did not at this time conceive of the day in which it would itself be desirous of obtaining such credit.

The U.S. advocated a literal "fund," made up of gold and foreign currencies, whose resources would be lent to deficit nations to help them meet their balance-of-payments deficits. Because it was apparent that the U.S. dollar would in fact be the major currency in demand—since the United States would be the major exporter of reconstruction goods—it was agreed that the United States should supply the largest single share of the capital for the IMF-IBRD institutions: 22 per cent.

Because voting power was based on the share invested and an 80 per cent majority was required to pass any proposal, the U.S. was the only country possessing a veto. And because any country that needed to borrow more than its quota—established by the IMF on the basis of share invested—was required to give assurances that it was taking "corrective measures," i.e., the Adjustment Process, the U.S. was in a position to block any loan or policy proposal if it did not approve of the character of the proposed correctives.

This locked in European—and later Latin American, African and Asian—development policies with U.S. world strategy. For example, the U.S. used its power to put pressure on Castro when he sought an IMF-IBRD development and stabilization loan before turning to Soviet aid: "Castro could obtain aid, but only by acquiescing in terms (credit restraint and a balanced budget) that would prevent him from carrying through the social revolution by denying him the use of the tool of deficit financing for handling industrialization and agrarian reform, and by imposing economic controls that would be very apt to stir popular unrest against his government. The stabilization conditions, in other words, were basically designed to preserve the Cuban status quo, allowing only a few fringe reforms to be put into operation." (New York Times, April 22, 1959.)

Even the World Bank's massive reconstruction loans and the IMF's balance-of-payments stabilization loans proved inadequate to meet the financial needs of European recovery. During 1946-47, in fact, France alone lost 60 per cent of its gold and foreign exchange reserves, while those of Sweden fell 75 per cent. Meanwhile, the United States continued to accumulate gold; its gold stock increased from $20.1 billion in 1945 to $24.8 billion in 1949, an all-time high.

This huge inflow, far from constituting an unmixed blessing to the United States, became a matter of the most urgent concern. Not only did the continuing transfer of gold to the U.S. threaten to reduce the vitality of the nation's export markets, the Commerce Department noted, but it also threatened to bring about domestic inflation—much in the

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same manner as the prewar inflow of European gold would have done had it not been "sterilized." It was because of these potential problems that the United States adopted policies designed to *repatriate* Europe's gold through foreign aid, trade, lending and investment policies. As a result, the U.S. gold stock declined by $6.7 billion during 1950-62, while that of what was to become the European Common Market rose by some $9.7 billion, reaching $11.5 billion by the end of 1962.

America's balance-of-payments deficits were welcomed abroad during the 1950's. And they aided the U.S. economy at home by helping to restrain potential inflationary pressures. European economic activity thrived, and with it the demand for U.S. exports grew. In addition, European prosperity paid the political dividend of laying to rest whatever fears of widespread economic depression and left-wing political ascendency may have been left over from 1945. Europe was firmly in the Western bloc.

[THE TABLES TURN]

BY YEAR-END 1962, HOWEVER, THE "dollar gap" had become transformed into a "dollar glut." The Common Market's gold reserves had risen to $11.5 billion, while its additional $6.7 billion in liquid claims upon the dollar represented an amount which, if converted into gold, would have reduced U.S. gold stocks by 42.5 per cent. Furthermore, U.S. deficits were beginning to impose serious economic strains upon European economies, especially those of Germany, France and Holland. It was at this time that Europe's central bankers concluded that the time had come for equality in treatment with the United States, and they began to insist that the U.S. feel itself bound by the same economic constraints, the same Adjustment Process, to which European nations had subjected themselves in periods of deficit.

The U.S. recognized that its long string of deficits had enabled it to obtain over $1 billion a year more in foreign goods and services than it supplied. And so, although President Kennedy agreed in 1963 to take steps to reduce America's payments deficit, the U.S.—much as any debtor—was somewhat reluctant to relinquish its privileged status. Joined by its sister-in-deficit, Britain, the U.S. proposed a reform of the IMF which was designed to make being in debt easier.

The basic aims of U.S. financial policy at this time were two-fold. The first was to minimize the actual outflow of U.S. gold in settlement of deficits. In effect this meant obtaining credit in one form or another, either by borrowing from the IMF or by inducing other nations not to cash dollars in for gold.

To achieve the second aim, the operations of the now disbanded Gold Pool were crucial, dating from its formation in 1961. By backing the value of the dollar at $35 per ounce of gold, the Pool encouraged individuals and governments to hold onto their dollars.

In the IMF at this time our proposals were limited merely to expansion of its reserves, which would enable the U.S. and Britain to finance their payments deficits by borrowing from the IMF. But in view of the sustained run of U.S. deficits since 1950 (save for a small surplus in 1957), the Common Market nations were adamant in their opposition to increasing international reserves for the purpose of enabling the United States to run its deficits unchecked.

In addition, the Common Market economists were already complaining about America's growing investment in European industry. They correlated this investment outflow with America's payments deficit and concluded that the U.S. was obtaining a cost-free takeover. For while private U.S. investment funds were buying out European enterprises with dollars, the payments were turned over to central banks which refrained from cashing the dollars in for U.S. gold on the grounds that this would disrupt world financial conditions.

Thus at the IMF's 1963 meetings, the German representative stated that: "I should like to warn against the conclusion that, as if by some purely technical reform, one could solve in an automatic or painless way the adjustment problems which are due either to structural distortions or to policy discrepancies between the member countries of our international system. . . .

"I want to stress that any improvements that might be thought out for our international monetary system should not be concentrated only to the question how best *to finance* balance-of-payments deficits, but also on the even more important question of how to provide sufficient incentives for *curing* them."

During 1964 Europe became even more reluctant to finance the U.S. deficit. At that year's IMF meetings, Italy joined in calling for " 'multilateral surveillance' of the means of financing balance-of-payments disequilibria." France urged that "reference will have to be made to gold," in financing future balance-of-payments deficits, as "the only monetary element outside the scope of government action." (It may be noted that de Gaulle's objection of March 20, 1968, to world currency reform was virtually a restatement of the unanimous position of the Common Market in 1964.)

However, Europe's voice remained ineffective. The United States defaulted thoroughly on its intention to restore equilibrium in its balance of payments. True, it had tied foreign aid to the purchase of U.S. exports, so that only about six per cent of U.S. aid since 1962 represented an actual balance-of-payments outflow. True, it had imposed the Interest Equalization Tax to discourage the outflow of U.S. funds for the purchase of foreign securities which offer higher interest premiums. True, early in 1964 President Johnson had imposed controls upon bank lending abroad and upon foreign investment, under the euphemistically entitled "President Johnson's Voluntary Balance-of-Payments Program." And true, even foreign spending by the U.S. military in Europe had been cut back. But these were only palliatives in view of the immense drains upon the dollar which were to be set in motion in 1965 by the Vietnam War.

[GOLD AND VIETNAM]

THE ROLE OF VIETNAM in America's balance-of-payments problems posed to Europe more clearly than ever the basic question: to what degree were they willing to absorb the costs of an aggressive American Cold War over which they had no control. For as U.S. military spending increased, the likelihood of America settling its payments deficits decreased.

The *direct* foreign exchange cost of American military activity abroad is now running at the rate of $2.6 billion annually; according to Richard Janssen, writing in the Wall Street Journal (April 1, 1968), $1.5 billion of this may be

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chalked up to the Vietnam War. And the *indirect* cost of the Vietnam build-up is $2 billion. This figure includes the effect that intensified war production and high defense spending has on our balance of trade—a shortage of capital and skilled labor, an increased rate of inflation, special import needs and diversion of production facilities away from exports.

Thus Senator Hartke, writing in the Saturday Evening Post on April 22, 1967 concluded: "To put it bluntly, Vietnam has ruined any chance we might have had for attaining equilibrium in our balance of payments. . . . Until recently there was curiously little official acknowledgment that after all Vietnam is the real culprit."

Certainly Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach still gave curiously little acknowledgment nearly a year later. At a meeting in Rome on January 5, 1968 he said: "Even if Vietnam did not exist," the U.S. payments problem would be "about equal" to what it is now.

But regardless of the official ignorance on the part of the U.S., the Europeans insisted on connecting further extension of credits with the Vietnam War. Indeed, the Italian foreign minister suggested at the Rome meeting with Mr. Katzenbach "that a prompt end to the Vietnam War would help solve the U.S. balance-of-payments problem."

And on March 12—just two days before all the U.S. gold not tied up in the 25 per cent domestic legal backing for Federal Reserve notes was depleted—the connection was made in the halls of Congress, as Senate doves joined to oppose a waiver of the 25 per cent "gold cover" on American currency. They recognized that if they could prevent the release of more gold for shipment overseas to settle U.S. payments deficits, the Administration, in order to continue the Vietnam build-up, would be forced to ask Congress for a Declaration of War.

The Senate's final vote approved the waiver by the narrow margin of 39 to 37, with Senate doves Aiken, Church, Gruening, Hatfield, McGovern and Young in dissent. (They were joined by numerous hawks who had their own reasons for wanting to exert congressional restraint over President Johnson.) But the Gold Pool, the fixed link between the dollar and gold, was not to survive even the next weekend.

[DEFEAT OF THE GOLD POOL]

THE MAGNITUDE OF AMERICA'S DEFEAT when the Gold Pool was dissolved may be indicated by the intensity with which the U.S. had fought to create and preserve it. After all, the Gold Pool had been formed in 1961 to maintain the dollar "as good as gold"—namely at $35 an ounce. It was during the Kennedy-Nixon campaign of 1960, in response to a speculative flurry which pushed the price up to $41 an ounce, that the U.S. took the lead in "pooling" its gold reserves with those of Britain, the six Common Market nations and Switzerland. The result was a $31 billion gold fund, the stated purpose of which was to supply gold at $35 per ounce to anyone who wished to buy it on the London gold market, thus maintaining a stable price.

But from that moment in the early 1960's when foreign short-term dollar claims came to exceed the U.S. gold stock, the dollar has no longer been "as good as gold." This was not emphasized until 1966, however, when the U.S. began to exert strong pressure upon European governments not to cash in their dollars for gold, virtually a diplomatic refusal to redeem the dollar with gold. For seven years the Pool succeeded in maintaining the price of gold on the London market, although overseas markets continued to reflect higher prices. But as the position of the dollar deteriorated further, bringing sterling down in its path, it became impossible to maintain the orderly market which the Pool was formed to insure.

The Pool's collapse on March 4, 1968, came at the end of a series of events that began in June 1967. France withdrew, refusing to suffer any further gold losses as the penalty for America's overseas military expenditures and expanding foreign investments. In order to preserve the Pool, the U.S. picked up France's nine per cent share, thus increasing its gold contribution to 59 per cent of the net Pool sales. In order not to spur gold speculation, France obligingly remained silent about its withdrawal.

Gold losses by the Pool's active member nations proceeded at a moderate rate. But havoc ensued when the pound sterling was devalued on November 18, 1967. Gold Pool sales amounted to nearly $800 million during the last two weeks of November alone. Nor was the furor mitigated when France—which no longer felt compelled to remain silent about its withdrawal—revealed that it had indeed terminated active membership in June. This announcement was taken in some quarters to indicate that France had joined Russia and South Africa in anticipating a higher price for gold.

In an attempt to stem the ensuing movement out of paper into gold, the Gold Pool nations—without France—met in Frankfurt on November 27, 1967. At the conclusion of this meeting they announced their determination to continue meeting any and all demands for gold at $35 an ounce. This statement temporarily dampened speculative activity.

Meanwhile, however, continuing pressures on the dollar worked to undermine the Pool's activities. Not only did the United States hesitate to take corrective measures—to increase its income taxes, reduce its budget deficit and slow the rate of domestic inflation—but increasing talk of a further build-up of forces in Vietnam clearly implied that an even more rapid deterioration in the U.S. balance of payments would be in the offing. The Tet offensive of the National Liberation Front, followed by North Korea's seizure of the Pueblo, strengthened this speculation.

By early March 1968, the death of the Gold Pool was imminent. In effect, the sources feeding it had dried up. Italy also had as much as withdrawn. With the money it received for the gold it gave the Pool to sell on the market, it had turned around and bought more gold to replenish its own stocks. Belgium, seeing Italy's gold stock rise rather than decline, was balking at further contributions. The Bank of England's ability to meet further gold sales out of its own reserves was virtually exhausted. And by the close of trading on Thursday, March 14, the U.S.—because of the necessity to maintain a 25 per cent legal gold cover for its Federal Reserve notes—was unable to supply the Pool with enough gold to meet another day's sales. In response to the growing panic, the London gold market was closed, and three days later the seven active Gold Pool nations, meeting in Washington, announced that the Gold Pool had disbanded.

Among the new financial arrangements brought about by the demise of the Pool was the "two-tiered price system," which the U.S. had proposed in November 1967, but which was rejected by the other Pool members as unstable. One price is set

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for official sales between governments, which will continue to be transacted at $35 an ounce. The other price applies to all non-governmental traders in gold, and will be allowed to change from day to day just as does the price of copper, zinc and other metals—thereby satisfying South Africa's and Russia's demand for a higher gold price. This proposal effectively revalues the price of gold, while simultaneously enabling the U.S. to maintain its commitment to buy and sell gold at $35 an ounce to settle official intergovernmental transactions.

One of the first responses to the new two-tiered pricing system came from the oil-producing nations. Through their joint cartel, they requested an immediate increase of the royalties and taxes due from U.S. and British petroleum companies in proportion to the decline of these currencies vis-à-vis gold. This was an early sign that the two-price system represented a disequilibrium which meets many of the essential conditions of actual devaluation of the dollar.

While the two-price system will stop the drain of U.S. gold through the Gold Pool into the open market, it does not prevent governments from cashing in their dollars for gold at the rate of $35 an ounce. For the time being, however, there seems to be an agreement among the major holders of dollars that no such demands will be made on the U.S. gold stock.

At the same time, the "Special Drawing Rights" created by the IMF will provide an alternative to either demanding gold or holding dollars. The SDRs are essentially a new kind of international money, created by international agreement, that may be used like gold to settle payments accounts. The SDRs would be allotted in proportion to each nation's contribution to the IMF, so the U.S. would receive more than a fifth of the $5 billion worth proposed to be created over a period of five years—probably starting in early 1969. It might seem that this provides us with a painless way to incur deficits, yet avoid the Adjustment Process. And indeed this was what the U.S. had in mind when we first proposed the SDRs some time before the gold crisis.

However the Europeans can still block the activation of the SDRs at the IMF meeting that will make the final decision next fall. They will not approve activation if they are not satisfied with the steps we have taken by then to abolish our deficits, including particularly those relating to Vietnam. Far from letting America off the hook with unconditional credit, the SDRs plan has provided the Europeans with the power they have sought for years to review U.S. policy and impose the Adjustment Process upon it. Ever since its gold stocks began to run low, the U.S. has dreamt of eliminating gold, with its strict financial constraints, from the world monetary system, replacing it with unlimited easy credit. This dream has not been fulfilled.

[GOLD AND THE COLD WAR]

AMERICA'S DESIRE TO SEE GOLD eliminated from the world monetary system is understandable. It had used gold as a lever with which to exercise world power, not only to purchase foreign businesses, but also to finance its overseas Cold War operations. Gold, America perceived, was power; as long as gold was the basis of the world monetary system, power followed it. Therefore, when its gold stockpile was depleted, America naturally wanted to transform the monetary system in such a way as to phase gold out, thereby preventing any other nation from using the power it provides—especially in view of the fact that the major potential gold bloc nations are the Soviet Union, South Africa and France.

If the United States has lost the lever of gold in world financial influence, it has obtained a not unsubstantial lever in the very size of its international debt. In this, its position is not unlike that of Germany in the late 1920's when the German government used its indebtedness as a tool with which to exact "restraint" among its creditors, holding up the alternative of a monetary collapse.

This threat of a worldwide financial collapse explains the high degree to which Europe has accommodated the United States. Europe is considerably more dependent upon the smooth functioning of international finance than is the U.S.; foreign trade represents about 25 per cent of the Common Market's combined national income, compared to only four per cent for the United States. Disruption of Europe's foreign trade would result in severe dislocations of its economic life, causing massive unemployment of its capital and labor resources.

Because of his efforts to avoid this situation, Charles de Gaulle has been made into the whipping boy of the greater part of the American press. According to popular opinion in the U.S., it is he who is threatening the stability of world finance. De Gaulle, however, has only joined the already established Common Market position of 1963 and '64 that it is the United States that produced chaos by the public demonstration that it has finally, by its own mismanagement, *spent* its power in the world. Faced with the decision of whether or not to enter the Vietnam War—when it was already overextended in its foreign accounts—the U.S. chose to dissipate its world power and render obsolete the exchange standard upon which rested the edifice of the world's postwar monetary order, rather than adjust its activities to its new limitations. In advocating a return to the pre-World War II gold standard—under which *all* international deficits had to be settled with gold—General de Gaulle was only calling for the United States to pay the price of its Cold War posture, a price figured in the very gold which had been the crux of America's world power and which came to this country as a result of Europe's political and financial crises preceding and during World War II.

De Gaulle's appeal to the "universal and impartial" character of gold is seen as a threat by this country—and this is an accurate perception, for the impartial logic of gold has negated the imperatives of American power. As early as April 1963, Professor Terence McCarthy saw clearly that we could not evade this logic. In *A Strategy for American Security*, he wrote: "The claim is made that the enormous annual expenditure on armaments and the military establishment in this country is vitally essential to the maintenance of America's world position. It is nearer the truth to say that without a shot being fired, without United States armies once engaging the enemy, her world position is being frittered away, irretrievably, by America's tacit repudiation of the basic value of her currency."

From 1964 to 1967 Michael Hudson was a balance-of-payments analyst for the Chase Manhattan Bank (which of course is not responsible for the views expressed here).

The author would like to acknowledge his indebtedness to Professor Terence McCarthy for numerous observations incorporated in this article.

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"We lost a battle"

by Edgardo Damommio

Photograph by Marc Hutten

SANTIAGO, CHILE. The five guerrillas are seated around an office at the headquarters of Investigaciones, the Chilean security agency. When they crossed the frontier of northern Chile, the five men—three Cubans: Harry Villegas Tamayo, Leonardo Tamayo Nuñez and Daniel Alarcón Ramírez, and the two Bolivian guides—reeked of their 133-day trek through western Bolivia. Now they are clean, bathed. This noon the haggard fugitives asked for a lunch of beefsteak with eggs and wine. They still wear the heavy-soled sandals of the jungle fighter and the clothes of coarse cloth sold in northern Chile.

These are the worn survivors of the original force of Che Guevara, guerrillas of the Valle Grande, who were trapped by an ever-shrinking circle of 2000 Bolivian troops from September 26 to October 8. Che fell near the three Cubans, before they could break through the strangling noose of soldiers and flee westwards, through 400 miles of mountain and jungle, to the Chilean border. The two Bolivian guides, Estanislao Villeca and Efrain Quiñones Aguilar, would-be guerrillas but latecomers both, missed the fateful battle of October 8, but found the three fleeing Cubans in time to show them the way to the border.

Now the five, in the custody of Investigaciones while in Chile, idly await their departure for Havana. Their airline tickets have arrived, sent from Cuba, and the two Bolivians will accompany the guerrillas to their homeland. The Cubans, when they came into Chile, requested repatriation, not asylum, and no government has demanded their extradition. The men say they chose to cross into Chile because its government offered better chances of safe conduct than any of Bolivia's other neighbors: Argentina, Paraguay, Brazil or Peru. They agree that their treatment by Chilean officials has been unobjectionable. The Frei government, however, is known to be eager to see the explosive five on their way.

Our interview is delayed by the entrance of three men, armed with satchels: they are street vendors, admitted by Investigaciones after some importuning, to try selling clothes to the guerrillas, "for the trip home." But a minor official obstructs whatever sales they might have made. "No. No," he remonstrates. "They can't buy anything because they have only dollars, and here we accept only *escudos*. They would have to go to a bank to change their money." Then, a smile stealing across the functionary's face like an afterthought, he asks his audience: "And, anyway, how are guerrillas going to get into a bank?" The sale fails, but the interview begins.

THE THREE CUBANS had fought in Cuba with Guevara and with Cienfuegos. They were between sixteen and eighteen years old when they joined the Cuban guerrillas.

"I was the machine gunner for the column of Camilo Cienfuegos," says Alarcón Ramírez ("Benigno").

"And in Bolivia?"

"A machine gunner also. I was Guevara's point man in Valle Grande."

The three Cubans were together with Che when he fell, but none saw how he was captured. They fought in separate places. Benigno, the point man, had received that day an order from Che:

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"You go there, to the front. The soldiers have to pass through there. You must, on no account, leave that position."

"During the whole day I held my position . . . from six in the morning to eight at night. I was fighting nearly hand-to-hand with the soldiers, at less than 30 yards distance. I killed four and wounded six. At night, I came down from my post. Che was no longer there. Apparently, two comrades had been sent to fetch me, but they had fallen before reaching me. This was the encirclement that lasted from September 26 to October 8. In the end, we broke the ring fighting."

The machine gunner says little else. As a boy in Cuba, he was a peasant and tilled coffee fields. Ever since, he has been a fighter. "The machine gun was an SIT, a Belgian weapon," he says, and slouches into his coat.

Now the questioning turns to "Pombo," practically Guevara's bodyguard.

"Why did the guerrilla war fail?"

"It didn't fail. We lost a battle."

Nobody will budge him from that belief. He likes to talk, and his eyes shine as he explains: "The guerrilla, like man, is at birth an almost defenseless creature, a child. If ours had survived he would have grown and developed. But in Bolivia there was one failure: they discovered us too early and we had to fight in March. Che had calculated that we could undertake the first battles in December. Then our people would have been ready and we would have had good connections with the cities. Also, the peasant's distrust would have dissipated."

"There was no peasant support?"

Pombo hesitates. "Yes, there was, but they were afraid. Afraid of the Army, the strong ones."

"Didn't you have the support of the Bolivian Communist Party?"

"We had its moral support."

"What was that worth?"

"Nothing."

"Then there was no support?"

"Factions in the Party did not want to support the guerrilla. Others, yes; but they wanted to wait and see."

"Were you aware of the conversation between Mario Monje, the secretary-general of the Party, and Che Guevara?"

"Che told us about it. Monje argued three points: first, that the pro-Chinese faction of the Party would not be allowed in the guerrilla action; second, that military and political leadership of the guerrilla war must be in the hands of the Party; third, that we should wait a while and solicit the help of all Latin American Communist parties."

Pombo continues: "Che disagreed on all three points. And on one he was inflexible: we must retain the leadership of the movement until a Bolivian force was ready. Monje, as a leader of the Party, rejected this. However, before leaving on December 31, he said that he, personally, not as a member of the Party, wanted to participate in the guerrilla force. He said he would explain his position to the Party and return to join us. As you know, he never returned."

IT'S USELESS TO ASK the three Cubans if the Bolivian experience makes them doubt the value of the concept of the *foco*. For them, doubt is incomprehensible. They must create revolutionary centers and spread them through all the continent. The point is to make revolution now. *Ir pa'delante* (forward) and *patria o muerte* —that is all.

What kind of men are these? Are they fanatics, professional revolutionaries or political elitists? They are none of these and there *is* no adequate definition. These men of Che Guevara are, politically, almost ingenuous; without political polish, they believe profoundly in their own truths. They are a sort of practical men, practical soldiers with a belief, an enormous and simple conviction: armed struggle is the road of revolution, and there is no alternative.

"What do you talk about when you are alone? What do you discuss among yourselves?"

"We talk of the revolution. We talk of battles. We talk of battle plans."

What did that girl guerrilla mean to them, that Tania, shot in midstream while trying to cross a river gorge?

"She was a guerrilla—just like the rest of us."

"Do you talk about your own people, your wives, your private lives?"

"No. That kind of talk, that's another question. We think that kind of talk would be harmful to us. It can bring nostalgia and even fear. Sometimes we speak of the last time we ate a great meal, of a night that we drank a lot. And as for women, after a few months in the jungle, the desire to have a woman changes to something else; this drive, this desire, it gets applied to other objects. It can't really be explained, it has to be lived. For example, Commander Guevara was to us like a father."

Leonardo Tamayo resumes the story of the guerrilla struggle in Bolivia: "In all, we were 36 men: 16 Cubans who entered by different routes—through Brazil, through Chile from Arica—all legally —18 Bolivians and two Peruvians. In December 1966, this was our strength. Che had arrived before us.

"Very soon we fell ill. Most of us were sick and there were engagements with the Army long before training was completed, before we had adapted physically to the conditions; moreover, our contacts with the cities weren't operating, and communications in Bolivia are poor.

"It became necessary to divide into two groups: one stayed under the command of Ernesto Guevara and another came under 'Joaquin' [Tania's group]. In this way our strength was split. We remained trapped in Nancahuazu, until we broke through the circle on October 8. Then the two Bolivians joined us. Villeca came looking for us, and Communist Party people, friends of his, put him on our track."

The Bolivian, Villeca, adds: "I didn't agree with the Communists who would not support the guerrillas. I wanted to fight. I came looking for them and found them."

FROM THEN ON THE STORY of the group is the story of a 400-mile march, eluding the Army.

"We never saw any soldiers. We made the whole march on foot, carrying small arms for personal defense. Sometimes we saw airplanes searching for us. Moving by night, and sometimes also by day, with forced marches, we came to the frontier."

"Do you think it makes sense to put a group of strangers—in your case, Cubans—in a foreign country to make revolution? Did you think that a small number of you, no matter how brave, could raise a country up in arms against its government?"

"We were preparing a Bolivian force which would have been the authentic guerrilla force. Then, we would move on to another country. Peru and Argentina, for example. The revolution is Latin American."

Edgardo Damommio is director of the Latin American network of Inter Press Service.

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Wood engraving by Stefan Martin, from a drawing by Ben Shahn

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OLYMPICS

by Steve Murdock

Harry Edwards (center), the leader of the boycott. Seated with him are, from left to right, track athletes Lee Evans, John Carlos and Tommie Smith, all of whom are spokesmen for the boycott.

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Olympic chief and as head of the AAU—made such a statement possible). And—although many athletes stayed away—he did just that.

On his victorious return from Germany, Brundage was dumped as head of the AAU, but he had been elected—while in Germany—to membership on the International Olympic Committee, of which he is now president. His predecessor, American Ernest Jahncke, was deposed for having supported the proposed American boycott.

The point of the Berlin Games—and the reason so many Americans opposed participation—was twofold: to swell the coffers of the Nazi government and to create Nazi propaganda. Brundage stubbornly insisted then, as he does now, that politics were to be kept out of the Olympics, and argued that the Games had been awarded to Berlin, not to Germany.

But he came back from Germany with some strange ideas for an apolitical man. For instance, he addressed a crowd of 20,000 in Madison Square Garden, and it doesn't seem to have been a crowd of Jews, or even liberal gentiles. According to the New York Times of October 3, 1936, Brundage "brought his audience to their feet cheering in an outburst of enthusiasm when he paid tribute to the Reich under Adolf Hitler."

"We can," Brundage told that audience, "learn much from Germany. We, too, if we wish to preserve our institutions, must stamp out communism. We, too, must take steps to arrest the decline of patriotism." As recently as August 1940, Brundage was serving as head of Citizens to Keep America Out of War, a group now known to have been Nazi-supported.

Today, faced with another boycott, Avery Brundage says of the black American athletes who brought the subject up that they are "misguided young men" who are "being badly misadvised"—he doesn't say by whom—and goes on: "If these boys are serious, they're making a very bad mistake. If they're not serious and they're using the Olympic Games for publicity purposes, we don't like it." The executive director of the U.S. Olympic Committee, Arthur Lentz, said that the members of the committee "resent being used as an attention-getter." And a few steps lower in the hierarchy, Payton Jordan, America's blond, blue-eyed Olympic track coach, says solemnly: "It's too bad that the liberal loudmouth gets all the attention, and the person who speaks rationally is not heard."

[II. THE GREAT AMERICAN CRACKER]

PAYTON JORDAN IS STILL TRIM and athletic at fifty-one, and cuts a fine figure when he shows up on campus after the short and pleasant drive from his plush home in nearby Los Altos Hills to Stanford University where he has coached the track team for 13 years. The wall of Jordan's den at home boasts a color cover from a 1939 issue of Life, showing him in his track star days in a University of Southern California uniform. He is fond of hanging things on walls. Most prominent among many in the Stanford dressing room is a sign headed "Team Travel Appearance," under which are five of his prescriptions for an acceptable track team:

1. Clean shave
2. Neat haircut
3. Shoes shined
4. Gray slacks
5. Red blazer

But even if he followed these rules to the letter, the athlete could hardly match the coach, who turns out for afternoon practice wearing a scarlet nylon jacket and form-fitting red-white-and-blue sweat pants. It's an appropriate costume for a man like Jordan, and it's understandable that he has little empathy for Tommie Smith and Lee Evans, the world-famous black athletes from nearby San Jose State College who first sparked the talk of an Olympic boycott or for black sociology teacher Harry Edwards, who has become its spokesman.

"I've been reading material by the House Committee on Un-American Activities," Jordan said recently, "and I can see that Edwards is a commie. And I wouldn't be surprised if Tommie Smith and Lee Evans were also communists. . . . If Edwards wanted to go to Russia, I'd give him $1500 out of my own pocket."

If that statement had been made by Robert Welch or any of his apostles in Southern California's densely populated Birch country, it would involve elements of self-parody. But it wasn't; it was made by the man for whom some black track and field athletes are refusing to run and jump—a man who, like Avery Brundage, would insist publicly that politics has no place in the Olympic Games. And—also like Brundage—Payton Jordan has a pronounced private philosophy about politics and race—a philosophy he will be taking with him to the 1968 Games in Mexico City.

A few seasons ago, Stanford had Pat Morrison, a talented sprinter from England, on its team. Morrison kept his long blond hair in a Beatle cut while he was setting freshman school records in the 100- and 220-yard dashes. But Jordan invalidated the records and kicked Morrison off the team when the sprinter refused to cut his hair; the coach contended that it endangered team morale.

When Morrison was bounced, some of the other athletes demonstrated just how much team morale had been helped by quitting the team themselves. One of these athletes was Del Martin, a Rhodes scholar who was also an admirer of Stanford's dissenting student body president, David Harris (who has since become a leader in the draft resistance movement). Jordan found it expedient to write a letter to Martin's parents—and a revealing letter it was: "I firmly believe our country is going through an era in which fundamental values, laws and free institutions (and I include Stanford) are under attack. This Morrison case, trite as it might first appear, is nevertheless a manifestation of this nationwide philosophical anarchy. I have become convinced that if America is to survive these attacks, we will need a renewal of respect for law and orderly process. . . . Fine young men, like your son, should not be duped and then follow like sheep behind men like young Harris and Morrison."

Such comments have drawn a dry annotation from Joseph Higgins, former director of intramural athletics at Stanford and now director of a freshman housing complex: "Since Payton Jordan cannot seem to get along with middle-class white athletes here at Stanford, one cannot help but wonder what will happen when he has to work with black athletes on the U.S. Olympic team." There are clues, however. In an interview, Jordan told me proudly—and incredibly—"I've always gotten on well with colored folks; some of my best friends are colored." And Jordan openly shows his disagreement with the stated University policy to actively recruit Negro students. His track team is the only athletic team

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at the school which does not include a Negro scholarship holder. "I will never," Jordan once told me, "make a special effort to recruit colored boys, that would be discriminating against whites."

Perhaps the naïveté that would lead a man to make statements like this with his periwinkle blue eyes wide open, can be forgiven in an ex-USC jock like Jordan who is already uncomfortable in a world of intellectual superiors. "Colored folks" is his normal polite usage. But I had no trouble locating witnesses to other, less wide-eyed remarks—"I'm really upset over this nigger problem," or "You can always tell a coon by the way he laughs"—which demonstrate clearly enough that there is more behind a black boycott of the Olympics than you can learn from most sports pages.

[III. "I'M GOING TO BITE BACK"]

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY Harry Edwards got out of bed as usual one morning, with no idea that the day would be any different from any other day. It wasn't—except for what will seem to be a minor incident to anyone who doesn't own a dog. That morning—a morning not very long ago—Edwards opened his door and found his two dogs on the front porch. They had been killed, cut up into pieces and dumped there.

On his house were painted the letters "KKK."

The incident hurt Edwards deeply, but it didn't stop him in his work. A teacher at San Jose State College in California, not far from Payton Jordan's Stanford, Harry Edwards has

by Howard Bingham

UCLA basketball star Lew Alcindor who, along with teammates Mike Warren and Lucius Allen, has passed up the Olympic Games.

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"Jews must understand
that they cannot use these
Games as a weapon
in their boycott
against Nazis."
—Avery Brundage, 1935

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taken the lead in an effort to end racial discrimination on that campus, and through an unplanned one-thing-led-to-another series of events he has become the leading American spokesman for a black boycott of the 1968 Olympics.

Former high jumper Gene Johnson, in a recent statement in support of the boycott, said that so far "the efforts of Negroes in athletics have benefited only the athlete involved." One of the men so benefited is Harry Edwards. Now twenty-five, he is 6′ 8″ tall and weighs 255 pounds. His size and grace got him off the streets of East St. Louis, Illinois, and into San Jose State on an athletic scholarship.

But unlike athletic scholarship holders on a lot of campuses, Edwards has a few other things going for him. His 163 I.Q. helped him toward an "A" average, and by the time he graduated he had decided for scholarship and against athletics. He turned down pro basketball offers and went to Cornell on a Woodrow Wilson fellowship; he joined the faculty at San Jose State after he got his M.A. and will soon be returning to Cornell to get his Ph.D.

At San Jose State, Edwards immediately began a fight, still going on, against campus racial discrimination—a fight in which progressive SJS president Robert D. Clark has been as much of an ally as the situation will allow. Since Edwards' return from Cornell, the school has become one of the best campuses in the country for black students. "The cracker's attitude here may not have changed any," Edwards told me, "but his behavior has—and that's all we really care about. We're not concerned about crackers liking us. . . . However, if someone does behave well toward us, and someone does like us as individuals, then that's beautiful. Because I personally dig human beings."

As part of his program at SJS, Edwards instituted a course in black leadership, and two of his students were Tommie Smith and Lee Evans. Out of this association came the most serious threat to the Olympic satrapy of Avery Brundage since 1936, and perhaps the most serious ever.

After Muhammad Ali, then Cassius Clay, was refused service in a restaurant in his home town of Louisville immediately after winning the gold medal in the 1960 Olympics, Dick Gregory suggested that in the future black Americans might want to refuse to participate in the Games. Nobody paid too much attention then. But in September 1967, some American athletes were in Tokyo for the World Student Games, and a reporter asked some questions of Tommie Smith.

For those who live in that narrow world not penetrated by track news, Tommie Smith is considered one of the best. He holds world records at 200 meters and 220 yards, both straightaway and on a turn, and at 400 meters and 440 yards, both indoor and outdoor. That's eight individual world records. He's also a member of the relay teams that hold the world records in the 800-meter relay, the 880-yard relay and the 1600-meter relay, and the American record in the mile relay. Even if you don't know what the numbers mean, that should give you an idea: he's probably the world's best runner.

After asking what would appear to be a fatuous question about race relations in the United States, even to a white American, a Japanese reporter queried Smith about the possibility that American black athletes might boycott the 1968 Olympics. "Depending," Smith replied cautiously, "upon the situation, you cannot rule out the possibility that we Negro athletes might boycott the Olympic Games."

Smith said later that he had not made the reply as a result of anything said either by Gregory or by black long jumper Ralph Boston, the only other athlete who had up until then discussed a boycott possibility. (Boston's comment was that he didn't think it would serve any purpose, but that it could happen; he has since said that he'll boycott if enough others do.) However, regardless of why Smith said what he did, his reply caused a furor. The "black boycott" suddenly became a topic of conversation and of widespread sports page coverage, most of it racist superpatriotism.

Within a few months, Smith and his teammate Lee Evans—another of the world's great runners who holds a couple of records himself—had become spokesmen for a boycott movement which didn't exist yet, as they continued to insist. They made good spokesmen—sharp, articulate, uncompromising. Smith told an interviewer from Track and Field News: "We are a race of proud people and want to be treated as such. Our goal would not be to just improve conditions for ourselves and teammates, but to improve things for the entire Negro community. You must regard this suggestion as only another step in a series of movements. . . . As far as being spit on, being stepped on, being bitten by dogs, the first dog that bites me I'm going to bite back. We're not going to wait for the white man to think of something else to do against us."

Black athletes who might be expected to make the Olympic team were divided on the subject. Sprinter Charlie Greene, high jumper Ed Caruthers and others spoke out in opposition. Long jumper Jerry Proctor and high jumper Steve Brown were among a number who said they would do whatever a majority of black athletes wanted to do. Rafer Johnson and aging Berlin hero Jesse Owens—both of whom are out of amateur athletics—are against it; Jackie Robinson and former high jumper Gene Johnson are for it.

"I would like to pose this as a question," Gene Johnson suggests. "What would be the fate of a Ralph Boston if he was not a 27-foot long jumper, of a Charlie Greene if he was not a 9.1 sprinter? They would be 'faceless' black men caught in the same system of racial discrimination as many other black citizens. I am extremely proud to see that those proposing the boycott have enough social awareness to realize that the struggle of the man in Fillmore, Watts and Harlem is their struggle also."

THE IDEA OF THE OLYMPIC BOYCOTT fires the imagination of Harry Edwards, because he's convinced that athletics can be used to bring the plight of black people to the attention of the American public. "If there is a religion in this country," he said, "it is athletics. On Saturdays from 1:00 to 6:00, you know where you can find a substantial portion of the country—in the stadium or in front of the television set. We want to get to these people, to affect them, to wake them up to what's happening in this country."

The boycott group—which calls itself, officially, the Olympic Project for Human Rights—has demanded the expulsion of Avery Brundage as head of the International Olympic Committee (Edwards simply and flatly calls him a "racist"); appointment of a black member to the now all-white U.S. Olympic Committee; appointment of an additional black track coach to the U.S. Olympic team; an end to the discrimination against black and Jewish Americans by the New York Athletic Club, a prestigious organization in track and field;

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the reinstatement of Muhammad Ali as heavyweight champion; and a ban on competition between American teams and those of apartheid nations like South Africa and Rhodesia.

For track men like Smith and Evans, refusal to run in the Olympics can mean a tremendous financial sacrifice. Well-known college basketball stars like Lew Alcindor, Mike Warren, Lucius Allen and Elvin Hayes—all of whom have indicated in one way or another that they're passing up the Olympics—can go on to work in pro basketball in any case; but there is no professional track and field. For a track star, the Olympic gold medal is money in the bank—business firms want the medal winners, radio and television stations will take them on. Hayes Jones, Olympic gold medalist in the 1964 Games, was just appointed to a $27,000-a-year job as director of recreation for the City of New York.

But the threatened withdrawal seems to have done at least a part of what Harry Edwards hoped it would do: hit the American sports fan where he lives. Smith and Evans showed me some of the thousands of hate letters they've received:

"Thanks for pulling out of the Olympic Games. Now I can again be interested in our U.S. team. I quit being interested in watching animals like Negroes go through their paces. . . ."

"Dear Traitor: . . . I'd rather have our country finish last, without you, than first with you."

"You are a fine nigger specimen—just another agitating militant. Hope you and your followers get your bloody heads bashed in."

When Edwards announced a boycott of the New York Athletic Club's 100th annual indoor track and field meet at Madison Square Garden, the boycott movement was presented with its first real test. The NYAC is a wealthy businessmen's club that sponsors various athletic teams and events; primarily an Irish organization, the club now has a token number of Jews but has never admitted a black member.

Almost every outstanding American black athlete stayed away from the NYAC meet and some white stars joined them, including Villanova's Dave Patrick, a world record holder, and Georgetown's Eamon O'Reilly. The top eastern indoor track schools voted not to compete. Coaches of New York City's public and Catholic high schools decided not to enter their teams. Several Russian athletes, who, previous to the boycott, had agreed to compete, withdrew. Even the Department of Defense ruled out the three service academies.

Covering the boycott, the press zeroed in on threats of physical intimidation that were received by some of the participating black athletes. But even if the threats *had* come from Edwards' project—which they didn't—the big story on the meet was much simpler: the black athletes refused to run, and they made the boycott work.

The Olympic boycott will not be so easy. There are still plenty of black athletes who are determined to go. It's difficult to exaggerate the meaning of the Olympics to an athlete and the rigorous years of training that go into participation. Giving it all up, even for the finest of causes, is far from easy. Even Lee Evans says: "The Olympics are something that I have dreamed of participating in ever since I first learned to run." But he goes on to say: "This does not, however, mean participation at any price. And my own manhood is one of the prices that I am not willing to pay."

Edwards is confident that not only many black athletes will come to the same decision but also that some whites will back them. He talked to me briefly about what he calls a "new generation of honkies": "You find a lot of them who are sick of the system, just as much as some of the blacks are. And they too are sick and tired of looking at things through black and white lenses, through integrationist and segregationist lenses. They want to look at things through human lenses. They're sick and tired of making napalm and burning people in order to maintain a dollar. And people in this country are beginning to realize, blacks and whites, that this damn system is not just anti-black, and not just anti-yellow, and anti-brown, but anti-young people—anti-humanity. And what is youth and creativity and spontaneity all about except being human? Avery Brundage isn't human, he's not even a goddamn machine. He's something else."

[IV. THEY USED TO RUN NAKED]

THE MODERN OLYMPIC GAMES, as everyone knows, are modeled on the competitions of ancient Greece. And, as everyone knows, they are supposed to be individual, not national, competitions. In ancient Greece, the athletes even performed nude so that national or regional identities would be minimized.

But even nudity wouldn't help now; nationalism has joined racism as the outstanding characteristic of the Olympics. It might have helped if it had been instituted before 1936, when the Nazis turned the Games into a nationalistic propaganda circus and set the tone that has been followed—with the possible exception of the 1952 Games in Helsinki—ever since.

In the United States the Olympics are inevitably reported in terms of the number of gold medals won by Americans, Russians, French or Austrians. The most casual glance at a sports page during the recent winter Olympics at Grenoble, France, would have given a reader the officially nonexistent "national standings," but except for French glamor skier Jean-Claude Killy, the individual athletes might just as well have been named John Smith and Mary Jones.

The official program of the 1968 United States AAU Indoor Track and Field Championships contained a full page advertisement that shouted alarm over the fact that the U.S. is now losing basketball games to the Russians, and concluded with a request for money for the present American Olympic team so that this won't happen at the XIX Olympiad this summer in Mexico City. This rampant nationalistic need to prove that well-fed American athletes are the world's best has been the U.S. Olympic Committee's standard fund-raising pitch for decades. And only now, as some of the ice around the Cold War rhetoric begins to melt, is its effect being questioned.

The most successful effort that Harry Edwards can launch in the United States might result in the absence from the Mexico City Games of about 50 black athletes and a few whites—a devastating loss for the American team, but probably far from a death blow to the international Olympic movement. Only a man with Avery Brundage's power could have caused this reaction—which he did when, through his position as president of the IOC, he stubbornly organized support to have the apartheid Republic of South Africa readmitted to the Olympics. The postal vote was announced in Grenoble on February 15, but the details weren't too well reported in American newspapers.

The IOC barred South Africa in 1963 (from the 1964 games) on the basis of Fundamental Principle One of the Olympic

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charter, which says that "no discrimination is allowed against any country or person on grounds of race, religion or political affiliation." The South African Olympic Committee immediately went into action to get the decision reversed for 1968, and showed up at a Teheran meeting in 1967 with what it said were concessions from its government.

The concessions are that the team will be a single unit, travel as an integrated party, wear the same uniform, live together and march together behind the South African flag. They can compete against each other—a crime in their home country—and the team will be selected by a biracial committee.

The IOC appointed three members to look into the concessions; they found them to be real, and, "on the understanding that it [the South African Olympic Committee] continues vigorously its efforts to have all forms of racial discrimination in amateur sport removed, and the IOC will reconsider the question by the end of 1970," the IOC reportedly voted 37-28 (with one abstention and five votes unaccounted for) to readmit South Africa.

Contrary to the popular impression, however, that doesn't mean that representatives of the 123 Olympic nations so voted. Fewer than half of those nations have votes on the IOC; in contrast, some nations—Britain, France and the United States, for instance—have two or three members.

Also, the IOC seems to have ignored the report of one of the members of its own three-man committee, Lord Killanin of Ireland. South African Prime Minister John Vorster told Killanin flatly that while his country wanted to participate in the Olympics, it would not pay the price of integrated sports inside South Africa's borders. If that were a requirement—and the IOC statement clearly pretends that it is—Vorster said that South Africa would rather stay out of Mexico City.

THE REACTION TO THE IOC VOTE was immediate and devastating. Thirty-two African nations have already promised to pull out of the Mexico City games if South Africa is not expelled. So have Cuba, Malaysia, India, Saudi Arabia, Jamaica, Iraq, Syria and Trinidad. Several Scandinavian nations and some South American countries are discussing withdrawal.

Count Jean de Beaumont, president of the French Olympic Committee (and an IOC member for 18 years), has asked for a vote on South Africa by the 123 national Olympic Committees, and Dennis Brutus, president of the South African Non-Racial Open Committee in London, has backed him up. The Soviet Union, which still seems to be weighing its action, issued a statement calling the admission of South Africa "an impermissible act which contradicts the basic principle of the Olympic movement"; two years ago, Russia startled the sports world by cancelling the annual U.S.A.-USSR track meet because of our involvement in Vietnam, and her withdrawal from Mexico City is a serious possibility.

As it is, a number of the world's greatest athletes will be out of the Olympics, even if all the Americans perform. Abede Bikila, the barefoot marathon runner from Ethiopia who won gold medals in both 1960 and 1964, won't be in Mexico City; neither will Enrique Figuerola, the Cuban 100-meter dash silver medalist of 1964; nor will the four great Kenyan distance runners, Kipchoge Keino, Naftali Temu, Wilson Kiprugut and Benjamin Kogo. If Edwards is successful, Mexico City may wind up as an all-white Olympiad.

The Mexican government has already invested close to $100 million in frantic preparation for the Olympics—downtown Mexico City has quite obviously gone mad on the subject—and is expecting the extravaganza to net a healthy return. It is understandably panicked over the prospect of a financial disaster if the boycott is successful.

Pedro Ramirez Vasquez, chairman of the Mexican organizing committee, has appealed to the boycotting nations, saying that "it was the IOC that decided to readmit South Africa, and Mexico had no connection with the decision—in fact, the Mexican committeeman voted against it." Brundage, however, has no intention of giving in: "No matter what countries withdraw," he says, "the Games in Mexico will go on."

So far, Brundage has ignored a deluge of requests from national Olympic committees asking for a re-vote. He was noncommittal when three high-ranking Mexican Olympic representatives visited him at his palatial Chicago residence and told him that their government intended to halt construction of facilities for the Games unless he reconsidered South Africa's admission. And even when five of the nine members of the IOC's Executive Committee called for a full IOC meeting on the subject, Brundage refused. "It is possible for the president to call a full meeting," he said, "but he won't."

He was, however, finally persuaded to call a meeting of the Executive Committee for late April in Lausanne, Switzerland. He says that the Committee will discuss the South African issue, but gives no indication that he will allow a re-vote, much less a genuinely democratic decision.

Frank Braun, president of the South African Olympic Games Association, has said that his country, having already been invited, will not withdraw from the Games under any circumstances. Meanwhile, however, the demands of the African nations have escalated: more than simply calling for the ousting of South Africa, they now demand the seating of more blacks on the 71-man IOC. Given their determination and Brundage's peculiar conception of himself as a principled man, things look bad for the dreams of Mexico City.

As a result, a countermovement is under way for a genuine, if unofficial, Olympiad to be held in Africa; as might be expected, Harry Edwards has become the American organizer. The games would not, of course, be limited to blacks. "Anyone, no matter what his race or religion or nationality, will be able to participate," Edwards told me. "They will be for anyone sincerely interested in perpetuating the ideals and goals of the Olympic movement." Some black entertainers have already agreed to donate their services to raise funds to help an American team take part in the Africa Games, which are deliberately being designed to recapture from Avery Brundage the sputtering torch of ancient Greece.

"A few years ago," Lee Evans says, "I didn't know what was happening. My white junior college coach used to tell colored boy jokes and I'd laugh. Now I'd kick his ass."

Payton Jordan and Avery Brundage have their job cut out for them.

Jack Scott attended Stanford University on a track scholarship, received his B.A. magna cum laude from Syracuse, and is currently studying for his Ph.D. at Berkeley. As well as coaching track athletes, he is a free-lance sports writer whose articles have appeared in track journals in America and Australia.

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The 'Peace' Candidates

by Robert Scheer

THERE WAS A MOMENT in that frantic western campaign tour on the eve of Lyndon's renunciation when Robert Kennedy seemed suddenly liberated from his normally awkward politics. A Denver student had suggested that he might end up as Johnson's running mate, and the jutting Bobby head was for once thrown high and grinning as he declaimed: "It's possible to have a coalition government in Saigon, but not in the United States." Perhaps at that moment Bobby felt exhilarated by the perception that he too could draw a line against ambition.

It was a genuine enough sentiment, for Kennedy's hostility toward Johnson is truly all-encompassing. During their brief crusade he and his younger staff came to be possibly even more obsessed with the dump Johnson spirit than with Bobby's ascendancy. As a result, some of the more personal anti-Johnson digs had to be discarded in the calmer moments of the campaign.

But with Johnson's announcement of withdrawal, Kennedy's campaign was thrown into an ideological dither. His staff suddenly realized that now they had to go it alone—with Bobby's personality, his political program and his muscle with the machine Democrats. Anti-Johnsonism had been holding the whole thing together, and sometime early in the aftermath of his withdrawal LBJ must have been missed.

The personal basis of the hostility was predictable, given the tone of Washington gossip, the differences in their respective styles and the fact that Johnson has been a crude and accidental interloper in what was a carefully contrived and exalted dynasty. However, the programmatic differences between the two men are not at all obvious.

By engaging in what Murray Kempton bitterly referred to as the "exploitation of corpses" during his campaign, Bobby has been able to avoid serious political debate with Johnson. There is constant repetition of the meaningless but uplifting JFK phrases about "doing better," "needing your help," and the exhortation, "to seek a newer world." Indeed, this last is the title of Bobby's latest book, and the "newer world" it is talking about is presumably just on the other side of the New Frontier.

Yet, among the youthful audiences to which Bobby is speaking, there is merely light, respectful applause for the JFK legend. The only loud and sustained roars occur after he says he will end the war—before he sticks in the qualifiers.

Perhaps it is because the qualifications attached to their respective "peace positions" rob them of content that there is hectic argument on the campuses these days over which of the two candidates—McCarthy or Kennedy—is more "sincere" or "courageous" in style. An examination of their votes in the Congressional Record reveals that this argument is beside the point. They have both been content to capitalize on public opinion against the war but were never part of that lonely band of congressmen who helped to develop that opposition. It is also at least vaguely obscene to talk of their courage when hundreds of kids are in jail for resisting the draft.

WHEN BOBBY CAMPAIGNS among adults he particularly emphasizes the JFK legend and dwells on the illusory atmosphere of change so deftly cultivated by his brother's Administration. Nor is Senator McCarthy above capitalizing on the JFK myth, as in a recent statement in the New York Times: "We have begun to lose much of the high purpose imparted to this nation by John F. Kennedy." This "high purpose" notwithstanding, Johnson is correct in stating that his Vietnam policy is consistent with that of the preceding Administration.

At no point did John Kennedy challenge the assumptions of the Cold War as they applied to Asia; the White Papers of his Administration contained every shibboleth about the International Communist Movement, aggression from the North and the Domino Theory. John Kennedy and his brother were the political godfathers of the new science of counterinsurgency, and they began to use Vietnam as its testing ground. But the basic notion of counterinsurgency—that we *could* win over the peasantry to fight for a nationalist alternative which was anti-Viet Cong and pro-United States—failed in practice.

When Johnson assumed office, soon after the death of Diem, the situation in Vietnam had begun to crack visibly. At the end of 1964 it finally reached the point where Johnson was faced with a fundamental choice. The war in Vietnam had up to that point been an American war, to be sure, but covertly so. Under Kennedy, the U.S. paid the bills, flew most of the air missions, determined the battle plans for the Vietnamese troops and provided much of the actual leadership in the field. But the total number of American troops had been kept down. Sending large numbers of American troops and bombing the North would make it visibly an "American war." But had Johnson rejected this more overt intervention, it would have been necessary to withdraw.

Johnson chose the course of Americanization of the war, with full commitment of manpower and non-nuclear weapons. This was to be a "war of example," a lesson to others—American power against the guerrilla—and many of the top Kennedy appointees stayed on to help administer it. Indeed, Dean Rusk and W. W. Rostow, both Kennedy men, were to become the most fanatical advocates of the new course.

Thus it would be wrong to center a political analysis, as McCarthy and Kennedy have attempted to do, on the person of Lyndon Johnson—as attractively grotesque a target as he may be. For Lyndon Johnson has simply been the

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keeper of the Cold War ideology during its most degenerative—and therefore, most bizarre—state. And as we have seen, he is correct in reminding us that his policy was in fact the legacy of three Presidents.

The failure of the Johnson Administration represents nothing less than the bankruptcy of Cold War liberalism. Thus it is altogether fitting that Hubert Humphrey, former vice president of Americans for Democratic Action, who sponsored the clause in the 1950 McCarren Act threatening concentration camps for "subversives," should be expected to be its standard bearer in the November elections.

This liberalism was at the center of our politics for 20 years, involving as it did the fundamental compromise between the corporate structure and the potential forces for change in the labor unions, the academy and left political circles. Its basic terms were total commitment to the "containment of communism," coupled with heavy government spending on the military and a moratorium on serious programs for domestic change. There were side bonuses to skilled labor, the Negro middle class, farmers and small businesses to cut them in. And an intellectual conformity was maintained through seductive grants and occasional witch hunting.

But Cold War liberalism didn't prove viable. The Empire became overextended in Vietnam, and the important pockets of domestic life that were left out of the pie-sharing became centers of resistance. The "free world" rhetoric began to falter as justification of our foreign interventions. The intellectuals became restless.

FOR THE "PEACE" CANDIDATES NOW seeking the presidency, the first faltering steps towards "compromise" in Vietnam did not begin with the sudden intellectual perception that communism was not monolithic, internationalist and inherently aggressive. It occurred, rather, as a result of mounting U.S. casualties, collapse of the pacification program and instability in the Saigon government, all of which forced the conclusion that the Viet Cong could not be beaten militarily.

Only after the Viet Cong's recent Tet offensive, which undercut all hope for a military victory, did the Administration itself come to perceive that it might indeed be time to think of cutting losses instead of waiting for the next turn of the corner. Though the Administration is not yet certain that the war is lost, its Senate critics are. But for both, the measuring stick remains the pragmatic one of efficiency; the question turns on whether the American Empire is overextended—not on whether we need or should have an Empire at all.

McCarthy's acceptance of the basic premises of the Cold War was clearly outlined in the interview which U.S. News & World Report carried on April 1:

Question: "Going beyond Vietnam, is it your view that we need to take a whole new approach to foreign policy?"

McCarthy: "No. We do in Vietnam, in Southeast Asia. But not in Korea, not in Japan, not India, not the North Atlantic Treaty Organization."

Johnson's presidential critics have sought to capitalize on dissatisfaction with the Vietnam War by treating it as an isolated error—the wrong war at the wrong time. But they have not seen fit to state just what the right war at the right time might be, and there's the rub. Much of the current debate proceeds as if it were only the *tactics* of our involvement in Vietnam that are in question, and not the larger purposes. Covert operations of the CIA and Green Beret variety, such as the kind conducted out of Panama through much of Latin America, are once again thought to offer a superior model for the protection of our "interests." And overt operations, which involve massive bombing by American planes and the commitment of large numbers of American soldiers, are thought to be "counterproductive" because they expose the fact of American intervention to the world. As McCarthy stated in a recent interview, the bombing "is politically counterproductive for the U.S. before world opinion."

IT WOULD BE TRAGIC if the only lesson this country learns from the suffering of the Vietnam War is one which teaches it to be more efficient in pursuing the course of the Empire. Counterinsurgency may, while it lasts, seem morally preferable to massive bombing, in that few noncombatants are killed, but it remains an evil means towards an indefensible end.

It is important that the public understand that the war in Vietnam came to be escalated under Johnson only after the earlier program of counterinsurgency had proved a total failure. We must learn to accept the fact that revolutions which fulfill a profound social need should not —and more importantly, in the long run cannot—be stopped by American intervention of any sort.

The glib answer of the "peace" candidates is that of course they accept social revolutions and, in fact, desire to encourage them through U.S. political and economic support. Which sounds decent enough until one recalls that this was the claim made for U.S. assistance to the Diem regime during the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations. The dilemma is that Washington ends up supporting reactionary regimes and military juntas in the underdeveloped countries precisely because the more serious revolutionary governments are likely to threaten the current fact of American hegemony.

The U.S., as the leading "have" nation, is decisively important to the allocation of resources and the determination of trade patterns in the world economy. As such, a rigidly defined conception of "our interests" will inevitably be in conflict with fundamental social revolution among the have-nots. Of course, in the long run, our interests as a people do coincide with the need for rapid progress in the poorer nations, but it means sorting out the interests of average Americans from those of what is loosely defined as the military-industrial complex.

Senator McCarthy misses the point when he says: "Our direction should be toward purifying the functions of our institutions." The fact is that in both foreign and domestic policy Lyndon Johnson has been extremely loyal to the political and economic institutions which have come down to us from the New Deal through the vinegarish experience of the Cold War. These institutions, however, have proved woefully inadequate to the job at hand. It is not Lyndon's style which is at fault, but rather his program.

Both Kennedy and McCarthy have generally succeeded in projecting stylistic alternatives to the Johnson Administration, but without making a comparable break with its basic content. Failing to develop programmatic and institutional alternatives rather than personal and marginal criticism of Johnson's Administration, they will end up with the same policies—and the same disasters.

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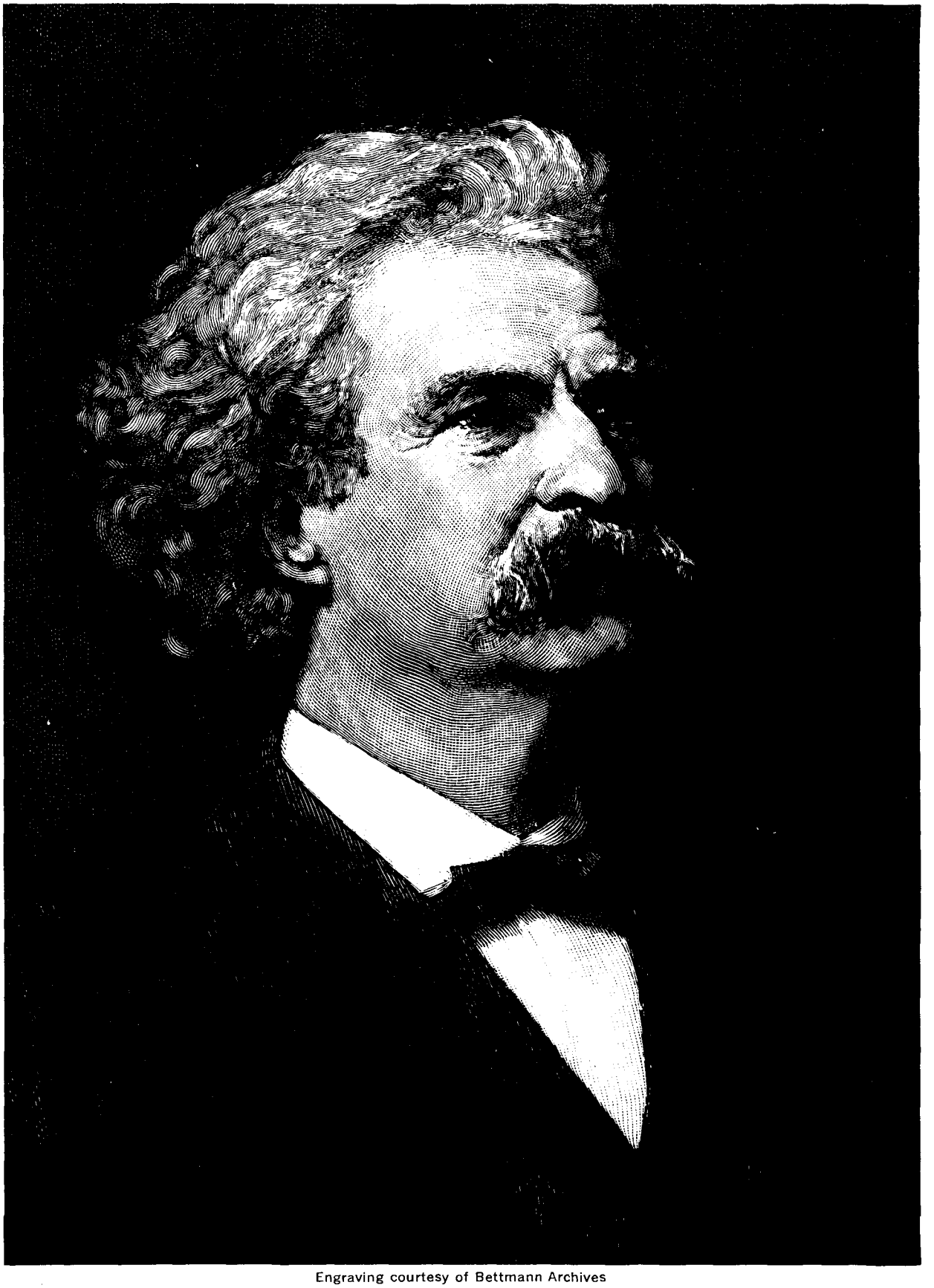

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Mark Twain on U.S. Imperialism, Racism and Other Enduring Characteristics of the Republic

by Maxwell Geismar

Maxwell Geismar, the distinguished literary critic and historian, is presently at work on a study of Mark Twain. This essay is excerpted from his chapter on the political radicalism of Twain's later writings.

"*Shall we?* THAT IS, SHALL WE go on conferring our civilization upon the people that sit in darkness, or shall we give these poor things a rest? Shall we bang right ahead in our old-time, loud, pious way, and commit the new century to the game; or shall we sober up and sit down and think it over first? Would it not be prudent to get our civilizational tools together, and see how much stock is left on hand in the way of glass beads and theology, and maxim guns and hymn books, and trade gin and torches of progress and enlightenment (patent adjustable ones, good to fire villages with, upon occasion), and balance the books, and arrive at the profit and loss, so that we may intelligently decide whether to continue the business or sell out the property and start a new civilizational scheme on the proceeds?"

If only the arrogant and avaricious colonial powers of the early 1900's had listened to the advice of Mark Twain's wrathful literary genius, the new century might have been spared 50 years—with perhaps another 50 to come—of what is essentially a race war under the guise of such ambiguous and shifting concepts as nationalism and capitalism. Even at the turn of the century, Twain saw how the profits of individuals, corporations and nations would only result in a continuing national loss, wholesale suffering for the entire human community, universal sacrifice and destruction.

Increasingly, Twain's later writings were filled with disgust over what he came to see as "the damned human race." In "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," one of his most bitter polemics, he foresaw the future in store for the imperialistic mentality. He was referring specifically to an historic occasion which foreshadowed our own time—America's missionary zeal in "subordinating" the Chinese during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. "Extending the blessings of civilization to our brother who sits in darkness," he wrote, "has been a good trade and has paid well on the whole; but there is money in it yet, if care-

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fully worked—but not enough in my judgment, to make any considerable risk advisable. The people that sit in darkness are getting to be too scarce—too scarce and too shy. And such darkness as is now left is really of but an indifferent quality, and not dark enough for the game. The most of those people that sit in darkness have been furnished with more light than was good for them or profitable for us. We have been injudicious."

Yet it was still possible, Twain declared sarcastically, to explain our peculiar colonial actions to the people in darkness: "They look doubtful, but in reality they are not. There have been lies, yes; but they were told in a good cause. We have been treacherous; but that was in order that real good might come out of apparent evil. True, we have crushed a deceived and confiding people; we have stamped out a just and intelligent and well-ordered republic; we have stabbed an ally in the back and slapped the face of a guest; we have bought a shadow from an enemy that hadn't it to sell; we have robbed a trusting friend of his land and his liberty; we have invited our clean young men to shoulder a discredited musket and do bandits' work under a flag which bandits have been accustomed to fear, not to follow; we have debauched America's honor and blackened her face before the world; but each detail was for the best. We know this."

And Mark Twain went on to propose a new American flag with the white stripes painted black and the stars replaced by the skull and crossbones.

THIS HATRED OF COLONIALISM, of racism, of slavery in any guise, of cruelty, exploitation, poverty and misery, was not of course a "new vein" in Samuel Clemens' work. Its strains are clearly visible in his early writing, perhaps most clearly in the great humanism of *Huckleberry Finn* in which the odyssey of Huck and Jim down the Mississippi is a flight away from oppression towards freedom.

But as Twain became older, and perhaps wiser, the imaginative freedom he conferred on his early fictional characters was more and more compromised by the real world he could no longer shut out. Nor can the increasing anger of his late polemics be explained away, as most critics have tried to do, by describing Clemens as "an embittered old man," pointing to the fact that he had sustained financial ruin and domestic tragedy. This was part of the slow death of the American Dream he had followed for so long. Personal misfortune was not the *cause* of Twain's political and social radicalism, but a realm of experience which coexisted with it and gave it tragic depth.

What marks all of the late essays of social protest and moral outrage is the marvelous humor which Clemens was able to summon up even in the midst of his irony and indignation. As early as 1873, writing in the New York Tribune about the proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, he had invoked a theme similar to that of his later work: "We *must* annex these people. We can afflict them with our wise and beneficent government. We can introduce the novelty of thieves, all the way up from streetcar pickpockets to municipal robbers and Government defaulters and show them how amusing it is to arrest them and try them and turn them loose—some for cash, and some for 'political influence.' We can make them ashamed of their simple and primitive justice. . . . We can give them juries composed of the most simple and charming leatherheads. We can give them railway corporations who will buy their Legislatures like old clothes, and run over their best citizens. We can furnish them some Jay Goulds who will do away with their old-time notions that stealing is not respectable. . . . We can give them lecturers! I will go myself. . . . We can make that bunch of sleepy islands the hottest corner on earth, and array it in the moral splendor of our high and holy civilization. Annexation is what the poor islanders need. 'Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?' "

Mark Twain's views did not change as he grew older; his subject matter—and the urgency with which he treated it—did. His world had been transformed swiftly, brutally and savagely; Sam Clemens had not. His personal tragedies may have saddened and frustrated him—but they had not given him the qualities he so keenly observed in the world: brutality, sadism and greed. What we see in the eloquent and radical social satires of Twain's later career is not the rant and bombast of a once great author, but the fateful meeting of the man and his time which created art of a unique personality—hardened and deepened, perhaps, by life and by history gone bad, self-destructive and suicidal. Rather than trying to rationalize his late writing as an artistic falling-off, as so many literary scholars have done, we should be glad that the proper chronicler was there at this historical crisis, the sensitive witness of art, civilization and life.

AMONG THE OTHER ESSAYS which Clemens wrote at this time about his own changing America—which was moving from the moral simplicity and grandeur of the old republic at its best to the imperial dynasty of an economic-military complex preparing to cast its giant shadow over the land masses of Europe, Asia and Africa—was "Comments on the Killing of 600 Moros" (1906), a kind of epilogue to "To the Person Sitting in Darkness."

A tribe of "dark-skinned savages," as Clemens called them, had entrenched themselves in the bowl of an extinct crater near Jele in the Philippines. Since they were "hostiles, and bitter at us because we have been trying for eight years to take their liberties away from them, their presence in that position was a menace." The American commander, General Leonard Wood, discovered that the Moros numbered 600 including women and children; that their crater bowl was on a mountain peak 2200 feet above sea level "and very difficult of access for Christian troops and artillery." There were finally as many American troops and allies on the summit overlooking the bowl as there were Moros when General Wood issued his order: "Kill or capture the six hundred."

The depth of the crater was about 50 feet, Mark Twain noted. "The battle began—it is officially called by that name—our forces firing down into the crater with their artillery and their deadly small arms of precision; the savages furiously returning the fire, probably with brickbats—though this is merely a surmise of mine. Heretofore the Moros have used knives and clubs mainly; also ineffectual trade-muskets when they had any. . . . The official report stated that the battle was fought with prodigious energy on both sides during a day and a half, and that it ended with a complete victory for the American arms. The completeness of the victory is established by this fact: that of the six hundred Moros not one was left alive. The brilliancy of the victory is established by this other fact, to wit: that of our six hundred heroes only fifteen lost their lives.

"General Wood was present and looking on. His order

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had been, 'Kill *or* capture those savages.' Apparently our little army considered that the 'or' left them authorized to kill *or* capture according to taste, and that their taste had remained what it has been for eight years, in our army out there—the taste of Christian butchers."

Clemens pointed out that—then as now—the American newspaper dispatches on the battle extolled and magnified the "heroism" and "gallantry" of the American troops, lamented the loss of 15 white men, elaborated the wounds of some others—and ignored the 600 dead Moros. He mentioned the casualty rates on both sides in the Civil War, at Waterloo and in the "pathetic comedy" called the Cuban War: "Contrast these things with the great statistics which have arrived from that Moro crater. There, with six hundred engaged on each side, we lost fifteen men killed outright, and we had thirty-two wounded. . . . The enemy numbered six hundred—including women and children—and we abolished them utterly, leaving not even a baby alive to cry for its dead mother. *This is incomparably the greatest victory that was ever achieved by the Christian soldiers of the United States.*"

He went on at length to describe the silence of the nation, the message of congratulations from President Theodore Roosevelt to General Wood for upholding the honor of the American flag. He then summarized the press accounts which had begun to "explain" and rationalize the savage slaughter of the Moros. "I was never so enthusiastically proud of the flag till now!" he added when the newspaper headlines stated that it was impossible to tell the sexes apart in the "fierce battle" on top of Mount Dajo. "The naked savages were so far away, down in the bottom of that trap, that our soldiers could not tell the breasts of a woman from the rudimentary paps of a man—so far away that they couldn't tell a toddling little child from a black six-footer."

"We have invited our clean young men to shoulder a discredited musket and do bandits' work under a flag which bandits have been accustomed to fear, not to follow; we have debauched America's honor and blackened her face before the world."
—Samuel Clemens

BUT AMONG TWAIN'S polemical writings of the early 1900's, perhaps the most famous of all was "King Leopold's Soliloquy." It is now almost an historical truism to state that the Belgian rule over the Congo was a dark rehearsal of the Nazi terror in Europe; that once it had happened in "savage" Africa it was possible in "civilized" Europe; that once mass human destruction had been practiced for profit on the black races it could be used for the highest of ethical, moral and patriotic reasons upon the "inferior" white races. Whatever the validity of the comparison, however, it is certain that there were ten million murders in the Belgian Congo between 1885 and 1905—no mean comparison for the fabricated death factories and other methods of "scientific" mass extermination later developed by the Nazis.

The essay itself, like all of Twain's writings—both during and after this period—has been seen as "crude" in form, or "uneven" or even "formless" by most conventional academic critic-scholars who, particularly in the 1950's and '60s, used such criteria to rule out the entire later phase of Twain's radical social criticism. The point is, of course, that Clemens had again devised his own native form for this genre of writing which, rough and careless as it appeared to be, was still extraordinarily eloquent, forceful and historically invaluable.

In "King Leopold," Twain took newspaper headlines, first-hand journalistic accounts of the Congo, photographs of mutilated savages taken by the incontestable new witness of the time, Kodak, missionary reports, official documents of Congolese administrators, and put them into a montage cemented by his own imaginative reconstructions and passages of prose characterized by raging moral anger and savage satire. He shows Leopold speaking in person, surrounded by the documents and records of his infamous doings, swearing violently, kissing his crucifix, apologizing, admitting certain errors, rationalizing, defending himself without a trace of guilt or "Christian" conscience about the evils he had perpetrated on an innocent and helpless people. "I have spent millions to keep the press of the two hemispheres quiet. . . . I have spent other millions on religion and art, and what do I get?" Leopold asks. "In print I get nothing but slanders—and slanders again. . . . Miscreants—they are telling *everything!*"

And then Clemens retells the history of how Leopold obtained the territory of the Congo from the Great Powers, including America, to root out slavery and stop the slave raids, "and to lift up those twenty-five millions of gentle and harmless blacks out of darkness into light, the light of our blessed Redeemer."

But the documents with which Clemens surrounds Leopold show that for 20 years he was the absolute sovereign of a fruitful domain four times as large as the German Empire, claiming millions of inhabitants as his private property, his serfs, his slaves. "Yes," Twain's Leopold says about his detractors, "they go on telling everything, these chatterers! They tell how I levy incredibly burdensome taxes upon the natives—taxes which are a pure theft; taxes which they must satisfy by gathering rubber under hard and constantly harder conditions, and by raising and furnishing food supplies *gratis*—and it all comes

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out that, when they fall short of their task through hunger, sickness, despair, and ceaseless and exhausting labor without rest, and forsake their homes and flee to the woods to escape punishment my black soldiers, drawn from unfriendly tribes, and instigated and directed by my Belgians"—those "unspeakable Belgians," as Clemens declared—"hunt them down and butcher them and burn their villages—reserving some of the girls. . . .

"*Another* detail, as we see!—cannibalism. The report cites cases of it with a most offensive frequency," cries Twain's Leopold in despair. "My traducers do not forget to remark that inasmuch as I am absolute and with a word can prevent in the Congo anything I choose to prevent, then whatsoever is done there . . . is my act, my *personal* act . . . that the hand of my agent is as truly *my* hand as if it were attached to my own arm; and so they picture me in my robes of state, with my crown on my head, munching human flesh, saying grace, mumbling thanks to Him from whom all good things come . . . . They speak out profanely and reproach Heaven for allowing such a fiend to live. Meaning me. They think it irregular. They go shuddering around, brooding over the reduction of that Congo population from 25,000,000 to 15,000,000 in the twenty years of my administration; then they burst out and call me 'the King with Ten Million murders on his Soul.' They call me a record."

WHILE "THE CZAR'S SOLILOQUY" (1905), in a sense a sequel to "King Leopold," was not so well understood or so popular, in literary terms it was a more compact, direct and impressive piece of writing than the earlier essay.

Clemens was one of the few Americans who did not regard Theodore Roosevelt's mediation of the Russo-Japanese War with approval. The Portsmouth, New Hampshire, peace treaty won the Nobel prize for "the windy and flamboyant President," but, as Twain wrote in his *Autobiography*, it destroyed all of his hopes that a defeated Russia might find a revolutionary release from "an insane and intolerable slavery."

"I was hoping that there would be no peace until Russian liberty was safe," he said to the Associated Press at the time. "I think there can be no doubt that that mission is now defeated and Russia's chains riveted; this time to stay. I think the Czar will now withdraw the small humanities that have been forced from him, and resume his medieval barbarisms with a relieved spirit and an immeasurable joy. . . . I think nothing has been gained by the peace that is remotely comparable to what has been sacrificed by it."

"The Czar's Soliloquy" was, among other things, a plea for immediate and bloody action. As Janet Smith—whose collection of Twain's social satire is the best I have ever seen—says: "But what Mark Twain had in mind was not revolution, but a program of assassination. This program various Russian groups—mainly Anarchists and Nihilists, and mainly young people—had been enthusiastically pursuing since before 1881, when they assassinated Alexander II, one of the most liberal of the Russian czars. But Alexander III, who succeeded his father, was of the same stripe as Nicholas II, who came to the throne in 1894"—and was the czar being described here.

As early as 1890 Clemens had stated his views about Russia in an unmailed letter to the editor of the American magazine, Free Russia: "Of course I know that the properest way to demolish the Russian throne would be by revolution. But it is not possible to get up a revolution there; so the only thing left to do, apparently, is to keep the throne vacant by dynamite until a day when candidates shall decline with thanks. . . ."

In the same letter he made it clear that his vision of history was hardly pacifistic. "My privilege to write these sanguinary sentences in soft security was bought for me by rivers of blood poured upon many fields, in many lands, but I possess not one single little paltry right or privilege that came to me as a result of petition, persuasion, agitation for reform, or any kindred method of procedure. When we consider that not even the most responsible English monarch ever yielded back a stolen public right until it was wrenched from him by bloody violence, is it rational to suppose that gentler methods can win privileges in Russia?"

For these reasons and others in "The Czar's Soliloquy," it is easy to see why Mark Twain is regarded with such reverence by contemporary Russian scholars, why they are so well informed about his work and why they objected when this whole area of Twain's writing was omitted by American scholars during the heyday of the Cold War. The Russians were right, of course, and the American scholars were wrong. As any reader of Twain's polemical essays can testify, this area of his social criticism is an adornment of his craft, as it should be considered of his country's culture.

In the "Soliloquy" itself, Clemens seized upon a London newspaper item which declared that the Russian czar, after his morning bath, meditated for an hour before getting dressed: "A curious invention, an unaccountable invention—the human race!" says this blood brother of King Leopold. "The swarming Russian millions have for centuries meekly allowed our family to rob them, insult them, trample them under foot, while they lived and suffered and died with no purpose and no function but to make that family comfortable! These people are horses—just that—horses with clothes and a religion. A horse with the strength of a hundred men will let one man beat him, starve him, drive him; the Russian millions allow a mere handful of soldiers to hold them in slavery—and these very soldiers are their own sons and brothers!"

THESE GREAT ESSAYS DO NOT express the "frustration" of an embittered "failure" in life and art; they are rather the logical outgrowths of an inquiry by a master artist outraged by blatant social injustice.

This same keen sense of man's infinite capacity for shameless cruelty is seen in another one of Twain's looks at the manners and mentality of his own country, "The United States of Lyncherdom" (1901). What he saw was a panorama whose salient features were colonialism, imperialism and racial prejudice. This essay was so heartbroken and indignant that Twain decided not to publish it. Even when Alfred Bigelow Paine, his friend, biographer and editor, published it 20 years later in a collection of posthumous essays, *Europe and Elsewhere*, it was with great concern about its effect.

"And so Missouri has fallen, that great State!"—thus Twain responded to a rash of lynching in that State. "Certain of her children have joined the lynchers, and the smirch is upon the rest of us. That handful of her children have given us a character and labeled us with a name, and to the dwellers in the four quarters of the earth we are 'lynchers,' now and ever shall be."

The world would not stop and think, said Clemens with a

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familiar irony, that the bulk of Missourians building an honorable name for themselves did not endorse the action; that the hundred Missourians who were lynchers were in fact renegades. "No, that truth will not enter its mind; it will generalize from the one or two misleading samples and say, 'The Missourians are lynchers.' It has no reflection, no logic, no sense of proportion. With it figures go for nothing; to it, figures reveal nothing, it cannot reason upon them rationally. . . . It would say, 'There are a hundred lynchers there, therefore the Missourians are lynchers'; the considerable fact that there are two and half million Missourians who are *not* lynchers would not affect their verdict. . . . Oh, Missouri!"

The lynching occurred after the discovery that a young white woman had been found murdered, and perhaps raped—the "usual crime" of that period, the common pretext for lynching Negroes. "Although it was a region of churches and schools," Clemens continued, "the people rose, lynched three Negroes—two of them very aged ones—burned out five Negro households, and drove thirty Negro families into the woods." Churches indeed; one could ask, as Clemens did, what kind of Christianity was practiced in the Southern churches, and what was the part the ministry played in opposing such mobs?

Clemens, moreover, went on to point out that every time a Negro was lynched on the supposition of rape, it encouraged more Negroes to consider the possibility of raping, and more white men to perform the act of lynching. In 1900 there had been eight more cases of lynching than in 1899, and in 1901 he thought there would be more cases than in 1900, mainly in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi.

The other reason Clemens suggested for the rising rate of lynching during these terrible years in the South was simply the moral cowardice of man at which he had briefly hinted in the somber passages that provide a sort of tragic relief in *Huckleberry Finn*. Now, many years later, he wrote: "It has been supposed—and said—that the people at a lynching enjoy the spectacle and are glad of a chance to see it. It cannot be true; all experience is against it. The people in the South are made like the people in the North—the vast majority of whom are right-hearted and compassionate, and would be cruelly pained by such a spectacle—and *would attend it*, and let on to be pleased with it, if the public approval seemed to require it. We are made like that and we cannot help it. The other animals are not so, but we cannot help that, either. They lack the moral sense; we have no way of trading ours off, for a nickel or some other thing above its value. The moral sense teaches us what is right, and how to avoid it—when unpopular."

Mark Twain on the "moral sense" in man: a favorite source of ironic commentary in his later period of work. But against the mass drive and mob instinct of man, he asked, why were there not a few more bold spirits to oppose this, like some of the sheriffs of the period who held back the lynch mobs, or the more courageous outlaws who could terrorize such mobs. But no, he concluded, his scheme would not work: "There are not enough morally brave men in stock. We are out of moral-courage material; we are in a condition of profound poverty."

In the meantime, there was another plan: "Let us import American missionaries from China, and send them into the lynching field. With 1511 of them out there converting two Chinamen apiece per annum against an uphill birth rate of 33,000 pagans per day, it will take upward of a million years to make the conversions balance the output and bring the Christianizing of the country in sight to the naked eye; therefore, if we can offer our missionaries as rich a field at home, at lighter expense and quite satisfactory in the matter of danger, why shouldn't they find it fair to come back and give us a trial?"

And then he referred once more to the description of the lynching of one Negro which he multiplied by 115 (the estimated figure for lynchings in 1900), added 88 (the figures already recorded for lynchings in 1901) and directed: "Place the 203 in a row, allowing 600 feet of space for each human torch, so that there may be viewing room around it for 5000 Christian American men, women, and children, youths and maidens; make it night for grim effect, have the show in a gradually rising plain, and let the course of the stakes be uphill; the eye can then take in the whole line of twenty-four miles of blood-and-flesh bonfires unbroken, whereas if it occupied ground level the ends of the line would bend down and be hidden from view by the curvature of the earth. All being ready, now, and the darkness opaque, the stillness impressive—for there should be no sound but the soft moaning of the night wind and the muffled sobbing of the sacrifices—let all the far stretch of kerosene pyres be touched off simultaneously and the glare and the shrieks and the agonies burst heavenward to the Throne. . . . There are more than a million persons present; the light from the fires flushes into vague outline against the night the spires of five thousand churches. O kind missionary, O compassionate missionary, leave China! Come home and convert these Christians!"

THUS THE CELEBRATED CONCLUSION of "The United States of Lyncherdom," which was indeed "dramatic" and "visual" and "scenic" and "rendered" enough to satisfy all the deepest yearnings of even a Henry James. (James, in his *The American Scene*—written at the same time and also about the South—would describe only the barbaric American tribal types he found there and the terrible domestic crises forced on the Southern aristocrats with whom he found himself in great sympathy.) Thus also Mark Twain recalls to their mother country those American missionaries whom he had ridiculed and attacked in the first of these later polemical essays, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness." He had come full circle; what he had at first felt to be the old world's evil imperialism, he then discovered right at hand in the new world's burgeoning colonialism and racism. The cycle was completed.

This is not to say, however, that he had by any means finished writing in this vein of radical social criticism which the literary scholarship of the Cold War period would find so regrettable, offensive and unaesthetic. Samuel Clemens knew that he had discovered an altogether new vein of inspiration in his later periods of writing. Returning to such themes as colonialism and racism would ever renew his fancy and carry it to new and higher flights of brilliant, ironical, angry and often quite hilarious passages of polemical prose, both of its own time and timeless. With a sounder sense of art and life than either his contemporary or his future critics—who were becoming ever more intimidated by the increasingly repressive nature of their culture—he would return to this golden vein of his art until the end of his life, taking a diabolical pleasure in it, purging his turbulent spirit, refreshing his genius.

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Belles-Lettres

A Galbraith Reappraisal: the Ideologue as Gadfly

AMERICAN CAPITALISM. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin. (1952)*

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin. (1958)*

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin. (1967)*

"PERHAPS IT IS NOW TIME, when America has come to face the complexities of empire, that her best minds begin to shed their innocence. It was all there, in embryo, with our 19th century novelists: the innocent, naive, goodhearted chap up against the slippery European sophisticates. Perhaps in those days it didn't much matter; the sensitive American plopped back, exhausted, uncomprehending of the new forces which faced him. More than a little of Henry Adams' bemusement prevails even today.

But today the United States carries out *la mission civilatrice* in every part of the globe. The sun never sets on her network of military bases or her multinational corporations. There are revolts, too, on the far frontiers. The generals need troops immediately; more taxes must be raised; the children of the intellectuals—the sensitive ones—will have to put down their books and learn to fire a mortar. The rat-bitten ghetto children will have to wait their turn; the peasants will have to tighten their belts. The social machine is not working well. There's a harsh clatter and roar from the engine room. So many problems. So much misery. So many needs. How can it be changed? Who can even describe it?

There is at least one man among us who feels qualified to describe the way things work. Professor John Kenneth Galbraith's credentials are impressive indeed: he is chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA), former ambassador to India, professor of economics at Harvard, former head of the Office of Price Administration, a Far Eastern art expert and a novelist both satiric and nostalgic. And Professor Galbraith does not lack prominent backers and admirers. The former editor of Encounter, Irving Kristol, presently of The Public Interest, compares Galbraith with Ralph Waldo Emerson, to the former's advantage. Galbraith, according to Kristol, goes beyond liberal reformism: he "ingeniously combines the tradition of moral-social criticism with a professional and plausible economic analysis."

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. chummily praises Galbraith's militancy in fighting "unremitting guerrilla warfare in support of the public sector." President John Kennedy, also an admirer of guerrilla warfare, thought highly enough of Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* (1956) to make it an explicit issue in the 1960 presidential campaign. And a recent Time cover story ("The All-Purpose Critic," February 16, 1968) found Galbraith a most quotable and possibly the most influential critic of U.S. society.

Chosen by Air Force Secretary Thomas K. Finletter in 1952 to participate in a small Stevenson brain trust, Galbraith was the first prominent Stevensonian to switch to Kennedy in 1960. He remained in the Kennedy entourage until the assassination, serving successively as a member of the task force on foreign economic development, as ambassador to India and as a top speech writer ("let us never negotiate out of fear; but let us never fear to negotiate").

After Kennedy's death, Galbraith's adjustment to the new Johnsonian order may have been a little too quick even for the "Irish mafia." William Manchester reports that "Galbraith outraged everyone within earshot by announcing that he had written 'a very good draft overnight' for the new President." Galbraith himself has described this *contretemps* as a reflection of the division between the Kennedy loyalists and the Kennedy "realists," in whose camp he remained until after the Johnson-Goldwater campaign. At any rate, Galbraith now holds a portfolio in Senator Robert Kennedy's shadow cabinet.

"THIS IS A MIGHTY GOOD RECORD for an economics professor, certainly good enough to make his academic peers gnash their teeth, for Galbraith is successful in a thousand ways that they cannot be (and he writes *novels* too). But his colleagues might ask just *what* an American intellectual gets when he gets "power." They would learn that it is little indeed. Without an independent base in the trade unions or in the ethnic communities, without a private fortune or control of a political machine, the intellectuals who sniff after power are forced to follow in the camp of any political army which has even a slight chance of seizing Washington with a minimum of bloodshed and looting.

In fact, the sole asset of men like Galbraith (unless they are willing to fill a bureaucratic pigeonhole) is their ability to develop ideology and present it as social criticism. Republicans don't care

by Robert Fitch

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much for this sort of thing and they even hate it when it's stood on its head—that is, when social criticism gets developed into ideology—so intellectuals, willy-nilly, get to be Democrats.

And how well we have learned that the structure of the Democratic Party means that any attempt at ideology will produce a monstrosity. At the Party's base is the familiar trade union, black, Jewish, Mexican-American, urban coalition. And at the top are bankers, corporation presidents, oilmen, defense contractors and plantation owners. What sort of Solomon could write a program reflecting the needs of both the sharecropper and the plantation owner, the draft-eligible graduate student and the defense contractor, the automobile manufacturer and the auto worker? It is as if the British Liberal Party, *Action Française*, the Italian Christian Democrats and the South African Nationalist Party had all gone mad and declared a merger.

From his ivy-covered podium Galbraith is supposed to ideologize for this monstrosity. His job seems to be to design attractive ideological grillwork that will mask the fundamental mismatch between the base of the party and the controlling powers. Specifically, he must satisfy both the constituencies that demand reform and those from whom the reforms are demanded.

Since the beginning of his labors as an ideologist in 1952 with *American Capitalism*, Galbraith has had something for everyone. He has aimed simultaneously at the oilman, the Democratic Party boss, the college sophomore and the ordinary middle-class citizen. Each of them worries from his own perspective about Vietnam, guerrilla warfare in the ghettos, the Haight-Ashbury and De Gaulle. They want to know where the roots of the problems lie and they are beginning to wonder whether there is something about the way this country goes about getting its living—its complex apparatus of production, consumption and distribution—that explains what's going on.

Galbraith is the only significant producer in a growing market. But the market's product specifications are devilishly narrow. With a stroke of a pen, Galbraith must open the wound and dress it again, titilate the conscience and sooth it. At the end of each paragraph the oilman, the boss, the sophomore and

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the ordinary citizen must each be able to say: "Ah yes, I see how it works. Now if we will all try a little harder together..."

Paragraph after mellifluous paragraph the magic seems to work. The reader is left with the simultaneous convictions that the status quo is really very decent and that there is also an urgent need for "change." Throughout the entire performance, the reader has the feeling that the author somehow combats all the selfish moguls and ideological troglodytes in Christendom.

But a close inspection of the texts shows no advocacy of a more equal income distribution, no plea for full employment, not even a program for closing tax loopholes. What Galbraith does attack are ugly billboards, dirty air, water pollution, insufficient funds for public education, and he says we ought to spend more to see that these problems get solved. This program may put him somewhat to the left of Ladybird, but it is certainly not honest-to-God reformism.

Decent reformism admits, at a minimum, that conflicts of interest exist in society and that consequently the poor and unorganized will have to present a political challenge to the rich and the powerful if they are ever going to achieve their demands. Galbraith, on this fundamental question of power, takes the

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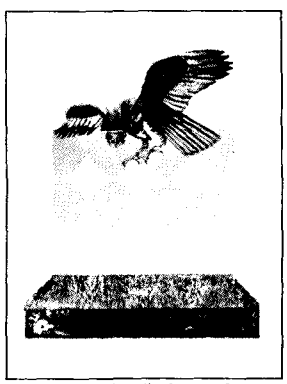
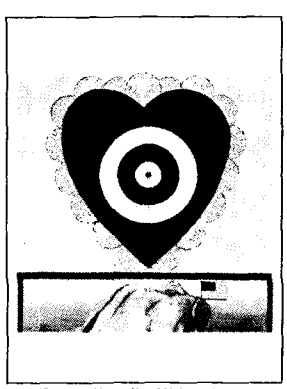


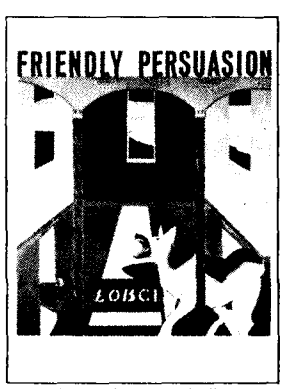
"Hawk and Dove"—Miriam Zizmor
(blue, green, black & white)

"Artist's Proof"—Marlene Oliver
(yellow, black, green, blue, orange, purple, pink)

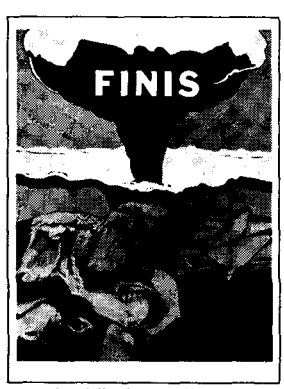
"Oops!"—Clayton Pinkerton
(black & white)



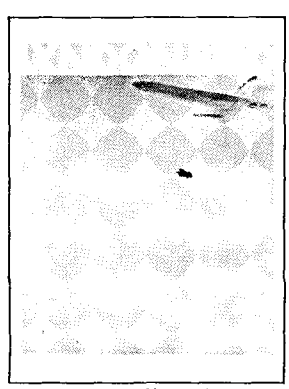
"Purple Heart"—Miriam Zizmor
(red, green, purple, black & white)



"Friendly Persuasion"
Bernice Sender
(red, yellow, blue, black & white)



"Finis"—Bernice Sender
(blue, black & white)



"Lyndon Bird"—Clayton Pinkerton
(blue, black & white)

"The Great Society"
Douglas Gilbert
(blue, pink, black)

"Founding Father"—William Ebie
(pink, black & white)

"Vicious Circle"—Robert Oliver
(black & white)

"Meanwhile back in the States"
K. C. Rignall
(yellow, red, light blue, dark blue)

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	Newsstand	89,567
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The foregoing is a true statement of Ramparts Magazine sales.

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Bruce W. Stilson
My Commission Expires May 10, 1971

Warren Hinckle, *President*
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Democratic Party line: no basic conflicts of interest exist because state power is legitimate and is being exercised for the benefit of all.

GALBRAITH'S SPECIAL preeminence in high Democratic Party circles and his notoriety in academic circles stems from his chief ideological discovery: that big business can be beautiful. Prior to Galbraith's popular work, corporate giantism was the dirty little secret of many radicals and a few academic economists. Monopolistic corporations created more embarrassment at the university than the last 30 pages of *Ulysses;* professors admitted their existence, but preferred to discuss the matter after class. Academic economics is still busy extolling unrestricted competition, free trade, the profit motive and the anarchy of production and distribution. But this world of *laissez-faire* economics, as Galbraith often points out, has pretty well disappeared. It is the wrong apology for the wrong century for the wrong system. Galbraith has a much more salable product.

The theme of monopolistic predominance and its essential benignity carries through all of Galbraith's major work. Most everything else is ancillary. *American Capitalism*, the book which first established Galbraith as an outstanding *advocatus de fide*, argued that political stability in the U.S. was a product of the stalemate between big business and big labor. This was one side of the famous theory of countervailing power. The other side spoke out for the "right" of monopolies to engage in price discrimination. As Galbraith put it: "To achieve price discrimination—to use bargaining power to get a differentially lower price --is the very essence of the exercise of countervailing power."

Galbraith's next important book was the pre-Watts classic, *The Affluent Society*, which showed that political stability in the U.S. had been achieved because the problems of economic equality and insecurity had been largely eliminated. In *The Affluent Society*, Galbraith admitted that monopolized industry tended to produce less than competitive industry, but he side-stepped the issue by righteously pointing out that the U.S. had an unhealthy obsession with production anyway.

In Galbraith's most recent work, *The New Industrial State* (1967), several of

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the key hypotheses of the prior works have been abandoned, but the defense of monopoly and monopoly power remains as firm as ever. Today the U.S. is stable, Galbraith argues, *despite* the existence of poverty and insecurity (they're "outside" the industrial system) and *because* "big" labor has accepted a subaltern role. (Whatever happened to "countervailing power"?)

It is belief in the permanence of an ideal rather than logical consistency that gives Galbraith's work its unity. In this light, *The New Industrial State* can be seen as Volume Three of a larger opus entitled "Monopoly Without Tears." The overarching theme of the "trilogy" is the endless viability, plasticity and, above all, the desirability (given a few moderate improvements) of the present economic and social order.

The conclusion that General Motors is good for you (and could be better) and in any case will never die, will sound familiar to many students of American corporate-liberal thought. And thus there will be a tendency among those who resist the message to overlook the political and doctrinal ingenuity that went into *The New Industrial State*.

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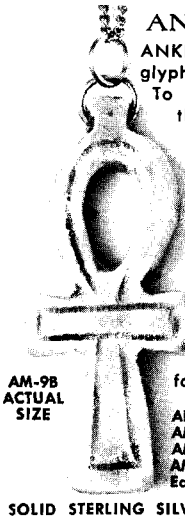

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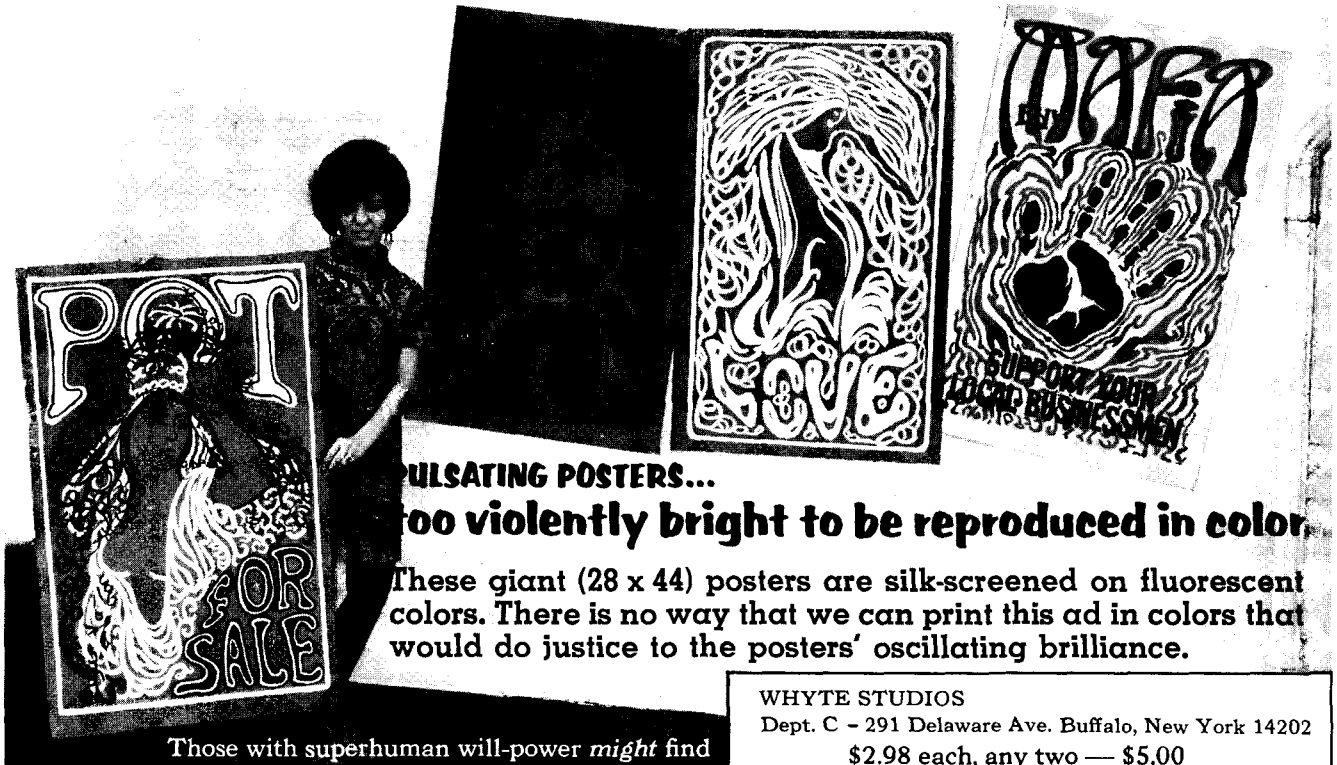

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This would be a mistake. To dismiss Galbraith simply as "another Establishment apologist" not only greatly overestimates the craftsmanship of his peers, but it also overlooks what can be learned from observing America's premier "monophile" at work.

Could the monopoly structure of U.S. heavy industry be at the root of persistent unemployment, urban poverty, huge arms budgets and the never-ending crusade against "communism"? Decidedly not, says Galbraith. He admits that some of these ills are consistent with both Marxian-socialist and Smithian-capitalist predications on the consequences of monopoly. But this is precisely why he calls those ideas "the conventional wisdom." For generations the conventional wisdom held that competition was a good thing and monopoly a bad thing. Now that we are living under monopoly capitalism we see how groundless the fears of monopoly were. Monopoly—which Galbraith calls "modern industrialism"—is efficient and humane. Competition is the real villain of the piece.

The New Industrial State acknowledges all the defects of the old system of competitive free-enterprise capitalism. Yes indeed, the author muses, those old-time capitalists—the Fords, Morgans, Mellons and Rockefellers—they were tough old bastards. Union busting, sweating labor, buying up competition, maintaining a vested interest in unemployment—all this was consistent with their solitary goal in life, the accumulation of capital through the pursuit of maximum profits. Galbraith is glad they've all died off and that new men are in power.

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WHO ARE THE NEW MEN of power, who, according to Galbraith, run the modern corporation? They are called the "technostructure." The technostructure is not the top managerial elite, the men whose salaries are set by the ebb and flow of corporate profits. The technostructure is different, and better. First of all it's a lot larger, and that makes an immediate step toward democracy. It's made up of all the engineers and middle-echelon bureaucrats: everyone who brings "specialized knowledge, talent, or experience to group decision making." Second, and most important, since it can't get any of the profits the corporation makes, it doesn't have the old "profit *über alles*" obsession. In fact it seems to be worried mainly about security—the corporation's and its own.

According to Galbraith, now that the technostructure has taken charge and eliminated the profit motive as the single goal of corporate enterprise, it's possible to relax and enjoy "industrialism." The corporations no longer compete against each other: they divide the market and allow everyone to prosper. Nor do they try to hold workers' wages down. Instead, they give the workers a reasonable share of what they want and pass on the increased wage bill to the consumer. This ends the anarchy of the system. The corporations can plan their production schedules with the knowledge that prices will remain constant. And the workers no longer have to fear layoffs. The market is replaced by "planning." We leave the realm of competitive necessity and enter the kingdom of monopolistic "freedom": the Great Post-Keynesian No-Hassle State.

Before we can settle back and enjoy Galbraith's New Order, however, there remains a small problem. Why do corporations and unions still behave very

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much as they did when the capitalists and their hired managers held sway? Why, to cite only the most obvious example, did 1967 see the highest number of strikes in 14 years? How can "planning" and the demise of the market be reconciled with persistent balance of payments deficits and the export of capital during periods of high unemployment? Or with the go-go mutual funds and the great speculative booms on the stock exchanges?

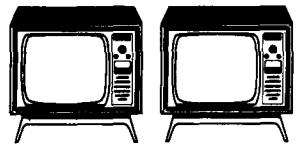
There are two possible explanations. One is that trade unionists and corporations have not yet learned their Galbraith: they are still burdened with the "conventional wisdom." The other is that *The New Industrial State* represents as faithful a portrayal of America's corporate economy as *Gone With the Wind* did the Southern slave system. Let's examine the latter possibility.

How did the "technostructure" take control of the corporations away from the capitalists in the first place? Galbraith's explanation is that technostructures supply information and capitalists supply capital; and that in a century in which information is scarcer than capital, the technostructure was able to seize power.

It's true, of course, that there is a lot of capital around these days, a lot more than in the 19th century. But big blocs of capital like the $800 million TWA borrowed through the investment banking houses in 1967 aren't to be found in everyone's cookie jar, as the record interest rates indicate. Technical information, on the other hand, while highly prized, is not scarce in the same sense. Nor are the men who provide it. To take an obvious example, in the aerospace industry, which employs over half of all U.S. engineers and scientists, layoffs and unemployment are quite common because of volatility and the competition for government contracts. In fact, technology is changing so rapidly that many engineers are becoming obsolete.

Far from constituting the corporate ruling class as Galbraith thinks they do, technicians, according to many experts, are developing into a kind of *lumpenproletariat*. Stanley Hawkins, training coordinator at Lockheed Missile and Space Company says, "The problem of the unemployed engineer is with us now —the problem of the *unemployable* engineer is approaching with frightening rapidity." Now the technostructure may

Which should you buy?



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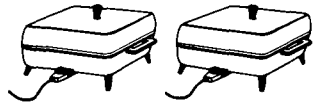

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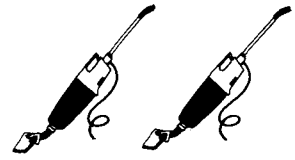

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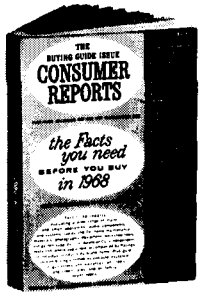

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be as humane and rational as Galbraith thinks it is, but at the moment the technocrats seem to be taking orders from the top, collecting unemployment checks and stretching their coffee breaks, just like the rest of the working class.

If the technostructure doesn't run the corporations, who does? Could it be small groups of rich businessmen similar to those that ran them in the past? Galbraith tries to show that individual wealth no longer plays a role and that the predominance of outside monied interests has vanished. He cites the 35-year-old analysis of "the separation of ownership from control" by Adolph A. Berle Jr., together with a couple of more recent studies by writers equally unable to discover any outside forces controlling corporate management.

Several recent investigators, however, have discovered the outside centers of power that Berle, Galbraith & Company were unable to locate. For example, in 1965 the anti-trust subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee published a study of 74 important industrial-commercial companies; in this handful of firms 1480 officers and directors held a total of 4428 positions. The report concluded that interlocking directorates are as prevalent today as in 1914 when the Clayton Act, prohibiting interlocking directorates, was passed.

More recently, Fortune reported that in 1966, controlling ownership of 150 of the 500 largest U.S. corporations rested in the hands of an individual or of the members of a single family. And this was admittedly a "very conservatively" drawn estimate, excluding cases in which businessmen—who are known to wield great influence—own less than ten per cent of the voting stock. In practice, Wall Street experts maintain that the holders of five to ten per cent of the stock can prevail over the unorganized mass of stockholders.

¶ With the technostructure back in its accustomed position of supplying technical information to profit-maximizing businessmen, the rest of the corporate landscape also falls back into proper perspective. Corporate "planning"—comfortably eulogized by Galbraith in *The New Industrial State* as a kind of rich man's socialism—instead of replacing the jolts and kicks of the market becomes a series of short-run responses to it.

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ROLLING STONE

FEBRUARY 10, 1968
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PIGPEN TO MEET POPE?

BY MICHAEL LYDON

The First European International Pop Festival, a re-sounding name for a still rather mysterious event, is being planned for Rome's huge Palazzo dello Sport February 19 to 25.

If it comes off and comes off well, it could be one of the biggest rock and roll shows of all time. But less than a month and a half before opening day, its organization seems chaotic and its origins shadowy.

By the second week in January the Festival organizers claimed to have signed seven British groups, and to have preliminary acceptances from 13 American (mostly San Francisco) groups. Invitations are also going out to bands from the Continent and all over the world.

Despite Monterey-like effusions about love and peace, plus promises to donate the proceeds to charity, the Rome Festival will be run on traditional European lines: performers will be paid, and a panel of judges will award eight "Golden Laurels" to the best groups. Thirteen four-hour shows are scheduled, making one-hour slots for 52 groups.

The seven English groups the Festival claims to have signed are Donovan, the Cream, the Who, Pink Floyd, Nice, the Crazy

—Continued on Page 4

BEATLES ZAP USA LTD

The Beatles closed the offices of Beatles U.S.A. Ltd., their fan club and business office in this country, and fired their American press agent. They severed all business connections here and will conduct their activities entirely from England in the future.

There have been shake-ups in London too. The Beatles have withdrawn from NEMS, the agency started by the late Brian Epstein, their first — and only — manager. Apple, the Beatle-owned corporation that also runs the boutiques of the same name, will represent the group in all its future undertakings. This move had been expected after Epstein's death, but its occurrence now caught many in the music business off stride.

Although the Beatles own substantial stock in NEMS, active direction of the agency passed to Clive Epstein, Brian's brother. Speculation on the reason for the move suggests that the Beatles wanted to remove themselves from the policies of the Epsteins and pursue their own ideas for producing music, films, television shows and other enterprises. There has been no indication that the Beatles intend to sell or otherwise dispose of their stock in NEMS.

MONTEREY FILM BUMMER

BY SUE C. CLARK

A one hour television film of the Monterey International Pop Festival, currently being produced for the American Broadcasting Company, has resulted in considerable consternation among the musicians who appeared at the Festival (and who may or may not appear in the film.) The film focuses so much on the activities and performance of the Mama's and Papa's to the point that performances of some of the best groups who appeared are left out, that Al Kooper, former organist and star of the Blues Project, says the television film appears to be about the "John Phillips-Lou Adler International Pop Festival."

Al Kooper, formerly of the Blues Project and now the leader of his own band, Blood, Sweat & Tears, discusses the film in a special review on Page 17

The opening number of the festival film is Scott McKenzie's song (and McKenzie is a friend of Phillip and Adler, who produced his record, manage him and wrote the song) "Wear Flowers In Your Hair." The second song in the film is "Creeque Alley" by the Mamas and Papas. They also sing "California Dreamin'" and are shown directing, watching, managing, supervising and speaking. Another curiosity is that the sound for

—Continued on Page 2

DOORS UP FOR MOVIE

The Doors have been offered $500,000 by Universal International pictures to star in a movie. The film, scheduled for production this spring, will be written, produced and directed by members of the group, who are still considering the offer. Also in the works is a television special on ABC later this spring.

Meanwhile, the Doors are breaking into print. Slated for February release by publisher Prue/Stearn/Sloan in an edition of singer Jim Morrison's lyrics, which will be printed as poetry. The book is a "coffee table" volume, handsomely designed and illustrated with lots of pictures of Morrison. All the Doors are involved with a Random House softcover humor book, which will also have photographs, these to be taken by the group.

Elektra is keeping the title of their next album a secret, but

—Continued on Page 15

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN

"Rolling Stone is well on its way to becoming the most influential publication dealing with pop music."

—Taken from the 2/29 "confidential trade" section of the Tempo Newsletter (available by subscription only, $140.00 per year.)

Who reads Rolling Stone? For example, Robert Shelton, Richard Goldstein, Paul Williams and Nat Hentoff all read Rolling Stone. (Ralph Gleason, Jon Landau and Jann Wenner, they *write* Rolling Stone.) But you don't have to be a music critic to dig Rolling Stone.

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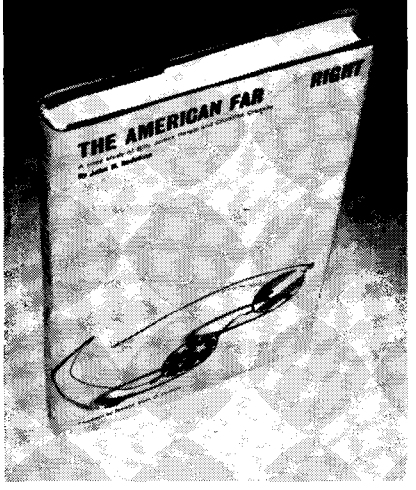

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Take the labor market for example. In *The New Industrial State* wage demands don't lead to bitter class struggles because price increases can always be passed on to the consumer and because labor basically has it made. Within this framework, how can we fit the eight-month-old national copper strike involving nearly 50,000 miners? According to A. H. Raskin, labor editor of the New York Times, the chief grievance of the miners is the work schedule: "For three years the standard work schedule in all branches was 26 consecutive days without a single day off. Then would come two days to recuperate, followed by another 26-day stint, and so on for three years."

The deadlock over these primitive conditions comes in an industry which is dominated by a few giants—Anaconda, Kennecott and Phelps Dodge: Galbraith's "mature corporations," i.e. oligopolists. They represent his *nouvelle vague* of flexible, noncompetitive corporations. Why don't they give in to the miners' demand for a less-than-26-day work "week"? It would amount to an increase of only about four cents a pound in the cost of copper. Why don't they simply pass this on to the consumer?

The reason is that the consumer in this case is not unorganized American housewifery but such firms as AT&T, G.E. and Westinghouse who are able to choose between aluminum and copper. And aluminum is already about 13 cents a pound cheaper than copper. It is no wonder that these "mature corporations" are acting so immaturely.

In the Galbraithian wonderland of corporate planning, the corporations needn't pay attention to what goes on in the capital market either. The mature corporation has its own "source of capital, derived from its own earnings, that is wholly under its own control. No banker can attach conditions as to how retained earnings are to be used." Were it otherwise, Galbraith admits, bankers would hold the strings of the corporation and tell the technostructure what to do.

In the real world of the American economy, something like this is exactly what does happen. In 1966, for example, about *half* of all the new funds used by corporations for growth came from external sources. In this year alone, bond issues and bank loans were equal to about two-thirds of undistributed profits. And although the figures are not yet available, 1967 appears to have dwarfed 1966 in this respect, creating what Fortune describes as "an epic corporate bond binge." Standard Oil of New Jersey, General Electric, Westinghouse, Texaco, Union Carbide—mature corporations all—paid their respects to the bond market to the tune of $200 million or more. Leading all other investment bankers, with $3.8 billion worth of issues, was the old dinosaur of capitalist enterprise, Morgan Stanley. Some of his clients included General Motors, Mobil Oil, U.S. Steel and IBM.

When the investment bankers manage a big bond issue for a corporation, or extend other kinds of credit, they increasingly earn the right to intervene on matters like mergers, financing, granting of stock options, dividends and even advertising campaigns. And with so much emphasis these days upon the stock market "performance," the pressure exerted by the banks for higher profits and dividends grows continually greater.

But even if outside financial interests weren't prodding the corporation to increase its rate of profit; even if the labor market were always stable; and even if one firm's prices weren't another firm's costs, the whole notion of corporate planning "replacing" the market in the U.S. would still be absurd on its face. It is like saying that because two nations' armies follow their respective battle plans and their troops follow orders that the resulting war between them is "planned."

This kind of *post facto* reconciliation of conflicting social forces begins to smell very familiar to the reader with a nose for the ranker side of historical analogy. The "principle of consistency" which Galbraith proclaims from his Procter and Gamble soapbox—"As always reality is in harmony with itself"—smells suspiciously like Hegel's excuse for Frederick William IV: "What is real is rational." And, as Montesquieu pointed out, the Jesuits' apologies for the counterreformation had the same fetid odor: "The Society of Jesus may pride itself on the fact that it was the first to prove to the world that religion and humanity are compatible" (*Esprit des Lois*).

GALBRAITH IS SURELY in the forefront of those who would do for monopoly capitalism what the Jesuits did for Catholicism—establish its compatibility with humanity. But like all

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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really first-rate ideologists he comes down to earth finally with a political program.

First he disposes of the main alternative system. It's not that socialism is wicked, it's merely *passé*, says Galbraith. The development of technology took control away from the capitalists. Similarly, it is the "technical complexity and planning and associated scale of operations" that has made things too complex for democratic control over the means of production to be exercised today. How could an elective body run a steel factory? It would be impossible. Consequently, socialism is a "spent slogan"; it would result in "social control without success"; it no longer seems "worth the struggle."

So here we are: we can't go forward to socialism; and we can't go backward to competitive capitalism. Monopoly capitalism is all there is.

How, then, can the liberal intellectual face the future? With Maharishi Mahesh Yogi? A prefrontal lobotomy? The answer Galbraith gives is to go into politics —especially university politics—and try to "change things." But not very much. The Galbraithian corporation is basically decent—just a bit insensitive and over-impressed by technology and growth. What it needs is a little couth.

Galbraith sees this as a ready-made opportunity for the "Educational and Scientific Estate." Atomic scientists should use their influence for atomic restraint; artists and poets should try to beautify the cities; educators should try to elevate the overall cultural tone of American life. All these factions within the "Educational and Scientific Estate" should try to work together to get control over the university budget, and thus reassert an area of independence from government and corporate control, at least within their own area of specialization. (It might be pointed out that in this political program, the problems of racism, unemployment, economic imperialism and poverty have not even been raised. But perhaps the strategy is not to fight on all fronts at once.)

And thus, as the E&S Estate broadens its base and hardens its cadre through protracted struggle, it might very well succeed in winning the one off-campus reform that Professor Galbraith considers urgent enough to mention: creation of an American "BBC."

Perhaps the professor will permit another vision to those who find his account of Utopia a bit spare: a socialist America in which the "corporate ruling elite" will be the overwhelming majority of Americans working in their factories and offices; where the only ghettos will be those displayed as plastic models in historical museums, and where the word "unemployment" sends young men to the dictionary instead of the relief office. Perhaps then, on a television program emanating from one of our hundreds of "BBC's," a panel of historians, sociologists and psychologists can analyze how the human imagination became narrow and inverted to the point of functional blindness among precisely the most brilliant and favored of America's citizens during the late period of its defunct global empire.

Robert Fitch, co-author of Ghana: End of an Illusion (*Monthly Review, 1966*), *is currently a Ph.D. candidate in economic history at the University of California at Berkeley.*

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Books:

BEYOND BELIEF: A CHRONICLE OF MURDER AND ITS DETECTION. *By Emlyn Williams. New York: Random House. 354 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by William M. Chace

Beyond Belief is a semi-fictional, semi-documentary reconstruction of the murders of three young people in England between November 1963 and October 1965. The three—and in all likelihood two others—were killed by Ian Brady, aged twenty-seven, a store clerk, and Myra Hindley, aged twenty-three, a typist. The bodies of two of the victims, John Kilbride, aged twelve, and Lesley Ann Downey, aged ten, were found buried in makeshift peat graves on the desolate Saddleworth

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Moor near Manchester. The body of Edward Evans, aged seventeen, was found by police in a blanket in a small dwelling where, only hours before, in the middle of the night, he had been set upon, sexually abused and then killed by 14 ax blows to his body.

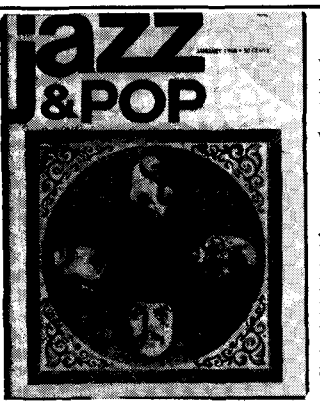
The trial of Brady and Hindley, conducted in the Assize Court of Chester between April 19 and May 6, 1966, revealed, among other things, that Lesley Ann Downey was photographed, gagged and naked, in nine awkwardly pornographic poses, that she was tortured and sexually assaulted, and that a 17-minute tape recording of her screaming pleas for mercy was made by Brady because, as he put it, "it was unusual." The tape was played aloud, once, at the trial. John Kilbride was also degraded and was buried nude and face down in a grave which yielded him up to police only 23 months later.

Brady, it was disclosed, made a point of photographing his mistress Hindley as she stood directly upon the graves of their victims. He was also careful to tend those graves lest the shifting peat disinter the bodies. He kept an immaculate, if somewhat inscrutable, table of procedures to be followed in ending the lives of the victims. He and Hindley favored rental mini-vans for carrying out the abductions and for transporting the bodies to the moors. They secured polyethylene bags for the strangulations. Hindley was careful to provide her grandmother with enough sleeping pills so that she would not be disturbed by the cries; it was learned that she was living in an upper room of the house when the Evans boy was killed.

The two killers were readers of the Marquis de Sade; Brady was devoted to the Nazis. They were, to put it simply, monsters. With sufficient equipment of an appropriate kind and with sufficient clerical attention to detail, they had murdered innocent children. Not once during the trial did they speak out in remorse for their acts. Pleading not guilty, they were found guilty and were given sentences of life imprisonment. It is noteworthy that Brady, now at Durham Jail, has requested "to be kept in complete isolation from the other inmates." The man now quite justifiably fears for his life.

The entire sequence of events—the missing children, the discovery of the body of Evans, the long search upon the moors, the discovery of two more bodies, the trial, the incredible evidence of the tape recordings and photographs—has presented England—and now this country—with another occasion of unspeakable, horrific violence. Richard Hickock and Perry Smith, Richard Speck, Charles Whitman and now Brady and Hindley. How is one to confront these small enormities? What is one to do in the face of such things?

"Who expects savor from a story of noisome evil?" asks Williams in the forward to his book. The answer, if we are to be at all honest, is that most of us do. It is not enough to say, with Williams, that "the proper study of mankind is man. And man cannot be ignored because he has become vile." Was it simply an interest in man and his possibilities that riveted the attention of English newspaper readers upon each and every detail of these murders and sent the sales of the Manchester Evening News soaring in those months? Will it be a studious examination of man's peculiarities that will explain the success of *Beyond Belief* in this country?



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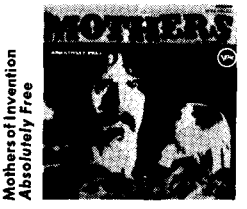

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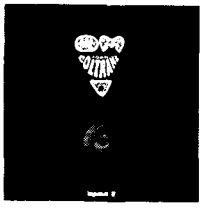

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IT IS WILLIAMS' uneasiness in the face of what he is going through, his doubtful wavering amidst the unusual nature of his task, that makes his book such a disturbingly hollow one. Unlike Truman Capote—against whose *In Cold Blood* all such attempts in this genre of reconstruction of unusual criminality will have to be measured—Williams cannot bring himself to surrender his desire to be a moral authority and speak out in sudden anger against the crimes. The hard and thoroughly clean surface of Capote's book, whatever one may think of it, seems to be untroubled by moralizing. But in *Beyond Belief*, Williams is all too present, all too much the intruding and messy human. He enters time and again to have his say, to present his conventional wisdom: "For the proud ego, faced with sickening failure and determined to shy away from the sight, the only medicine—the one efficacious flattery—is the reiterated assurance that one is born out of one's time. A fascinating misfit: 30 years too late, in the wrong country." Thus Brady's fascination with Hitler. Thus also the strange romanticisms of his early youth.

Or: "It is a level at which a starved young spirit cannot stay. If it refuses to rise from there, then there is only descent." Thus Williams' judgment as to why Brady was to remain so loyal to the apocalyptic desires of immaturity. Or: "From the day of his birth, the spell had been woven. And nothing could have changed him. Nothing." Thus fate.

But to bridge the gap between all the plausible causes of Brady and Hindley's crime and the very horror of the crime itself is beyond the power of Williams. Do the violent movies of our time, both British and American, stand somewhere at the root of the deaths of three young people? Perhaps. Williams provides a running list of such movies which Brady and Hindley could have seen. Was it the malodorous influence of de Sade? Perhaps. They did collect his works. Was it the unhappy childhoods through which these two people suffered? Perhaps. But many others have suffered and yet have not killed. Was it the sordidness of the decaying English towns in which it all took place? Perhaps. Williams, with skill and exhaustiveness, captures that steady bleakness.

When we think, however, of precisely what Brady and Hindley did, we are

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aware of a paradigm of cruelty and evil so perfect in its attention to detail and in its easy manipulation of modern technological gadgetry that it seems useless and irrelevant for Williams to attempt any kind of explanation at all. In the face of such disease, his is but the voice of the average citizen, reasonable and concerned. Thus we are left not with a particularly good book, but with one of those memories over which we can cast our attentions, for reasons both good and bad, while understanding little and imagining much. But this, in the presence of absolute terror, is at best a rather lightheaded satisfaction.

It is, however, a satisfaction which many readers are going to seek. While it is easy to recognize the insufficiency of the explanations which Williams has to offer, it is not so easy to recognize that, in another time and with another spirit alive in the land, such people as Brady and Hindley could be dismissed from one's mind as the diseased individuals they most undoubtedly are. And dismissed they indeed would be. But the disease of violence is today, unlike yesterday, something with which most Americans have more than a routine acquaintance, and our curiosity about it prompts us to study its manifestations with a diligence which is itself a bit strange.

The fact of the matter is that there is an odd kind of solace to be gained by concentrating our attentions upon the deeds of those like Brady and Hindley. Amidst the Vietnam atrocities and the horrors soon to be visited upon American cities and their unfortunate inhabitants, the bestial activities of those two murderers seem comfortably trivial and easy to absorb. And books like Williams' will prove popular to the extent that they will be able to substitute a horror which still retains human dimensions, for the massive horror of war.

Is there not something attractive about turning away from an evil as absurd and large as Vietnam to the evil of two English maniacs torturing a young girl? Williams would implicitly suggest that there is, and his book would suggest that he somehow understands our needs and our malaise very well.

William M. Chace teaches English at the University of California at Berkeley.

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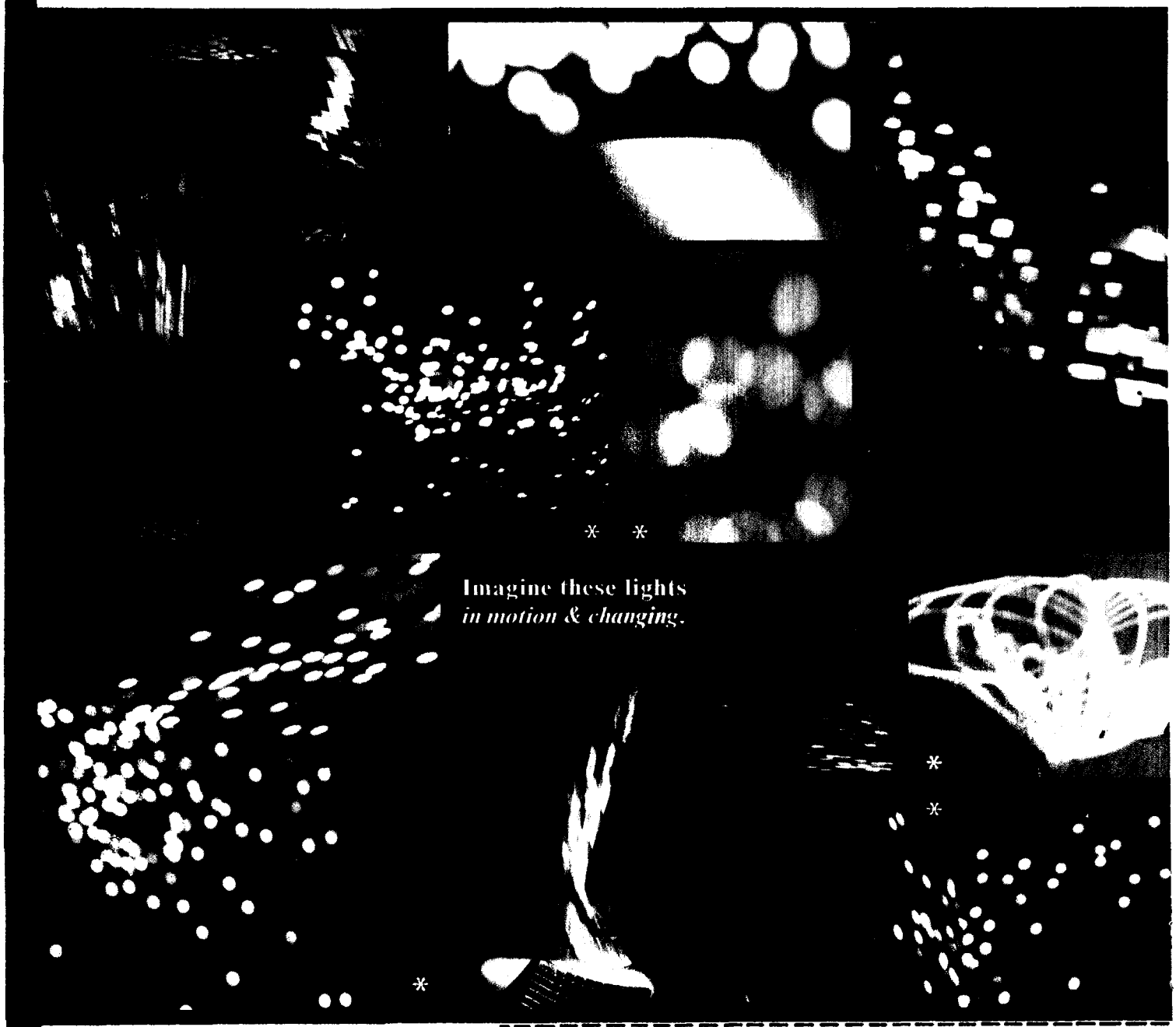

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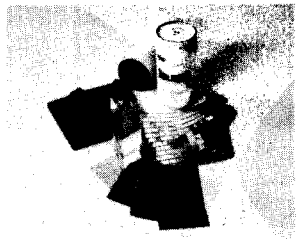

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